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MARGARET MATHER.

## Tom, the Property Man.



We buried him at early morn,  
A sleet, a cheerless day;  
With silent grief each heart was torn,  
As Tom was laid away.  
A grave dug thro' that bitter night,  
His lifeless form encased;  
The stern demands of speedy flight  
Obliged unseemly haste.

The cutting sleet in torrents blew;  
We tried the storm to stem,  
While minstrels who were passing thro',  
Sang plaintive requiem.  
As forth we came with tear-dimmed eyes,  
Speech on his merit ran;  
And each one some new good descipt  
In Tom, the prop'ty man.

"He played old men!" "And heavies too!"  
"Dialect bits and fops!"  
"To act he dearly loved, although  
His soul was in his 'props'!"  
Well, now no more; "Poor Tom's a cold'  
In a nook that's all his own;  
He's getting strings for Harps of Gold  
And dusting off the Throne!"

He'll set his stage with choicest props,  
In full angelic pomp;  
Furniture from Celestial shops,  
And never give a "comp,"  
A banquet lay of silver pure,  
With gems upon each cup,  
When Gabriel plays the overture  
And Peter cries: "Ring up!"

LEONARD GROVER.

## Nilsson in Fort Sumter.

BY MRS. F. G. DEFONTAINE.



Nilsson visited Charleston, South Carolina, some time during the Spring of 1871—I think it was about the 10th of April. The press of the city had duly apprised the people of the advent of the diva, and accordingly, when she reached the Mills House—the fashionable hotel—it was to find that the ladies had preceded her by the score, decorated her apartments with flowers and themselves lined the corridors in order to give her a true Southern welcome. Some of them, indeed, waited for hours; but all were finally rewarded by the pleasant recognition which she so well knows how to bestow. There was no other demonstration than that which attends a polite and cordial greeting, and it seemed to please her.

Entering her parlors and glancing at the wealth of flowers that had been scattered with lavish hand even to the fringes of the pillow-shams, her first exclamation was: "How beautiful, how beautiful! To whom must I give thanks?" Turning to the ladies who were grouped in the corridors, and woman-like enjoying her surprise, she observed: "Oh, ladies, I cannot kiss you every one; but here is one grand salute with gratitude to all;" and with a grace born of her own charming nature, she suited the action to the word.

I need not tell you that the capture was complete. At the Academy of Music, where she was advertised to sing that night, there was not a seat to be had. Such an audience rarely gathers in Charleston, and poor as we were at that time—for many were still living on "hog and hominy"—the tribute paid was at once heartfelt and earnest. We had heard of her good deeds in the past, and were prompt to welcome both the woman and the artist.

May be you have read of Charleston gardens; of the great camelia-japonica trees, the Cherokee roses, the jessamine vines, the honeysuckles, and the Spanish moss, that clings like a veil to the limbs of the old oaks—well, all were made to pay homage to the fair cantatrice, and the offerings laid at her feet were such as even Nature seemed glad to lend as color and fragrance to the scene. As Nilsson came forward, it was at a glance evident that she was affected by these demonstrations of the good-will of the people, and, as she confessed to me afterwards, she sang that night with a fervor that needed no

prompting. For her encores and as a compliment to her audience, she rendered some of the familiar old Southern melodies, such as "Old Folks at Home," "Massa's in de Col', Col' Ground," "My Old Kentucky Home," and "The Ponny Blue Flag."

It was my fortune to be much in her company, and I therefore had an opportunity of studying her character and discovering wherein consists the wondrous personal magnetism with she has been accredited. First, I observed that she was particularly attentive to my own sex and to old people; and second, I saw that her hand was open whenever honest Charity bent her knee.

Naturally, in coming to such a historic city, as is the case with all tourists, her first desire was to visit Fort Sumter, which was still the same wreck left by the Confederates in their final retreat. At that time a handsome sloop-yacht—the Eleanor—made daily trips to the place, and it was a matter of but a few moments' consultation between Mr. Henry Jarrett, her manager, and the Greek captain to charter her for the occasion. The party consisted of Nilsson, Miss Richardson, her companion (since dead), Annie Louise Cary, Brignoli, Vieuxtemps, Bononi and Mr. Jarrett. And by the way, I recall the name of poor Dan Kirwan (also since dead), who was then in Charleston as the correspondent of the New York *Herold*. The day was charming and the wind fresh; in fact, you may describe it as half a gale—just such a breeze as yachtsmen delight in. Nilsson was the first to step on board, and no one in the enjoyment of her childlike glee would have imagined that she was the pet of the kings and queens of Christendom. Of conventional restraint there was not the slightest exhibition. She was as full of prattle as a girl, and with the hood of her Scotch plaid waterproof daintily unwrapping her flaxen hair, made a picture that an artist would have taken on the instant.

We were scarcely under way before she captured our Greek skipper, and chatting with him in two or three languages, familiarly took his place at the helm. Brignoli protested that with such a strong wind she would capsize the boat; but she quickly reassured the company with the remark that she knew how to sail a boat as well as she knew how to sing, for she had almost lived upon the water in her early years. I remember the scene as if it were only yesterday. Miss Cary, whose rich contralto voice has made Americans proud of their country-woman at home and abroad, was sitting next Nilsson at the wheel; Brignoli, stretched full length on the deck down to the leeward, was splashing the water with his hands, like a big schoolboy out for a lark, while poor Dan Kirwan sat near, and with his broad Irish humor endeavored to disgust the great tenor, by claiming superior merit for Irish macaroni. The remainder of the party were variously distributed around the spacious cockpit, and taking part in the frolic some conversation that shortened the long stretch of five miles, until the very minutes seemed to have wings.

Nilsson refused to leave the wheel until it was necessary to make the landing at the dock connected with the fort, and even then I believe she had nerve enough to essay the difficult undertaking, for much to the admiration of the Greek captain, she had shown rare skill in steering the yacht through all the fitful, flurrying breezes that swept the bay.

As I was familiar with every inch of the old fortress, it became my duty to act as the guide of the party and we clambered over dismantled cannon, battered masonry and mounds of broken earthwork. Here was a remnant of the parapet where, before Gilmore opened his fire from Fire Island, Rhett, Calhoun, Harleston, Mitchel, the son of the Irish patriot, and a score of others who have since been killed, used to take their turn at the big guns and return the salutations from the fleet of Federal monitors. Yonder was the old stump of the flag staff from which floated for four years the "Stars and Bars"—a flag that was often shot away, but on that spot never drooped in surrender. There on the sea face of the fort, was the ragged acclivity up which the Union soldiers attempted to climb during a night assault, only to be driven back and fall wounded and dead among the debris caused by their own monster guns on the ships. Still in another place were the remains of the inscription over the original sally-port, "Who enters here leaves hope behind." How true the words proved! In all of these and other details, Nilsson was greatly interested, and she gathered numerous relics in order to commemorate the visit.

We were about returning through the gateway, when attention was directed to the mouth of a dark passage, and I observed to the party that it was several hundred feet in length and a kind of bomb proof for the protection of the men in passing from one portion of the fort to another, adding incidentally that it was also used for bringing the wounded and dead from the front of the fort to the rear, where they could be sent to the city by the steamers that used to steal their way to the wharf under cover of the night. "Let us go troo," said Nilsson. I told her it was a damp, long and narrow passage, only three feet wide and as dark as the interior of an Egyptian pyramid and nothing could be gained by walking two or three hundred feet under ground. She insisted, however, and clambering over a great gun that had been dismantled, we entered the tunnel. It may be remarked parenthetically that the dark-

ness was so intense that visitors, as a rule, followed each other as closely as possible. Accordingly I led the way. Nilsson held my hand, Brignoli that of Nilsson, and the rest of the party in Indian file followed. In this order we had passed through the dark for perhaps one hundred and twenty-five feet, when Nilsson suddenly stopped and in her broken English said: "You tell me, madame, zat zis place, zis fort, never have been surrendaire, and zat for more zan one year zo living and ze dead have come troo zis midnight?" "Yes, mademoiselle, it is true." "And zat for four years your battleflag fly and never come down except wiz the cannon ball?" That is true. Then, with a manner that was at once thrilling and dramatic, she exclaimed: "Zis is a grande place to sing ze Marsellaise." In an instant the magnificent song was ringing through the dark tunnel with an effect that was almost sublime. Cary and Brignoli joined in the refrain, each alternately taking the air, and the noble melody received an interpretation under circumstances that will never be forgotten by any of the participants in the scene. When we emerged into an open casemate a few seconds later, it was evident that we had all been shedding tears, called forth by the peculiar surroundings of the place. Nilsson was quick to perceive this, and as if for the purpose of changing the current of thought into which we had drifted, she seized Brignoli, and in a moment was whirling him around a big gun in the casemate to her own happy warbling of "Dixie."

Bidding adieu to the fort and its memories, the party re-embarked on the Eleanor. Nilsson resumed her place at the wheel, and we glided over the waters of the bay, listening to the strains of "Home, Sweet Home," sung by the loveliest voices that ever made the old melody beautiful.

The company remained in Charleston four or five days, during which Nilsson made frequent tours of inspection to various places of historic interest. The city market, where one sees the quaint old darkies with bright bandanna turbans picturesquely wound around their heads, was a favorite resort, especially in the early morning, when their chorus of peculiar cries was loudest and their eloquence in inducing you to buy the contents of their trays the most persuasive. One day, an old mauma addressed Nilsson after this fashion, not knowing her of course: "Sweet missis, splendid wegetables to-day; beautiful taters, rosy-eyed 'matoes fresh from de wine—some like to your cheeks, Buy um now, lady; buy um now, fore dey all gone."

Peanut peddling amon': the dusky children of Ham is considered quite an aristocratic calling, and the old women who preside over these stands are looked up to in their own society. The apex of their turbans generally assumes monstrous altitude, and their faculty of dozing at all times and under all circumstances renders their stands particularly attractive to the ubiquitous small boy who wishes to purchase peanuts without pennies. One day, while Nilsson was loitering near one of them, a passing carriage upset the tray of the old woman. Being thus summarily aroused from her nap, she looked around and discovered that the vehicle contained two gaily-dressed young negro women who held dainty white parasols over their heads, and whose general style suggested that they were the wives of members of the Legislature. Picking up her fallen tray and resting both hands on her stout hips, she thus gave vent to her injured feelings: "My God! Dem niggers done gone clean, stark mad. Dey tunk kase dey got dem his falutin' ambrellas ober dey heads, dey's buckra for troo. Bottom rail on de top, shuah. De time was when yo' had to grabbal dese same goobers."

All of this was a novel experience for Christine Nilsson, who had never before been brought in contact with the negro element, and she enjoyed it to the full, not exhibiting her ignorance however, like her countrywoman Frederika Bremer, during the visit of the latter to Charleston. Passing an old mauma one day she stopped and questioned her after this style:

"Are you happy, auntie?"

"Yes ma'am: I is happy for troo; I ain't been de nottin' to make me unhappy."

"What do you eat?" said Miss Bremer.

"Well, Missis, sometimes I eat one ting and sometime I eats annoder ting."

"Do you eat worms, auntie?"

"Eat wurrums, Missis! My God! who been tell you nigger eat wurrums? No, honey, wurrums eat me soon enough one ob dese days; but me no eat wurrums," and the old darkey laughed heartily at the conceit.

Miss Bremer ventured another question.

"Do you live under ground, auntie?"

"Me, old Millie, lib under ground? De gracious Hebben! Whar dia buckra woman come from; whar she lib herself? No, Missis, I lib ober yander, in de yard ob dat big white house. Dat is my ole Massa's and Missis' home, and ole Millie's home, too, as long as she lib."

Miss Bremer was apparently greatly surprised, and observed, "I have come from a foreign country, you talk such nonsense!"

The authoress left the country with changed views concerning slavery. Harriet Beecher Stowe might have done the same had she visited the South before writing "Uncle Tom's Cabin." But to return.

One morning Nilsson received a note from a young lady, asking if she would call on

her, and desiring me to act as her chaperone. We found a beautiful young girl, who had not left her bed, except when lifted, for seven years. As the fair Swede entered the room, she extended both hands, saying, "Ah, I sorry you so sick." The invalid drew Nilsson to the bedside, and kissing her, said: "Thank you for this call. I was afraid you would not come, and I should not see you." Holding the wasted hand, the great artist, looking earnestly at the poor girl, remarked, "You must be very tired of the bed." "Yes," was the reply, "I do get very tired; but my friends are very kind to me, and try to make me cheerful. Now I have to ask you a great favor—and please don't refuse me—just one little song, for I shall never hear you in public." "My little friend," Nilsson answered, "if all the requests I have made to me were as easily granted as yours, I should never say no! I will sing you a Swedish lullaby—a song of my own home." And in a low, tender voice, suited to the place and the occasion, she rendered one of the sweetest melodies I ever heard. The eyes of the sufferer closed, and she lay as still as death. When the last strains died away, she turned to the singer and, with a voice filled with emotion, said: "Thank you, thank you; I shall never hear such music again until I hear the angels sing."

One day, when we were out driving, a terrible storm arose. The lightning flashed, the thunder rolled and the rain poured in torrents, compelling us to seek shelter in a little country church. At first we were inclined to be somber; but presently the ludicrous side of the situation seemed to strike Nilsson, and turning to me she said: "Dis is very funny; de whole town papered with Christine Nilsson to-night; but de people may have to come to de little church in de woods. I will rehearse some now." Thereupon she descended to the little choir loft, and in a reverent manner sang an "Ave Maria," accompanying herself on the little organ belonging to the place. Before leaving the porch and taking the carriage for our return drive, Nilsson wrote her name with a diamond on one of the windows; but few who have seen it since dream that it is the signature of the great artist herself. That night she sang to a crowded house.

I once asked her if she would leave the stage in the event of her marriage. Her answer was: "No, I will never give up the stage as long as I have a voice; for that I owe to God, and to Him alone will I return it."

"But, suppose your husband should object to your leading a public life?"

"I will tell him beforehand, and if it break his heart, it is better zat I break it beforehand zan afterwards; but I will never leave ze stage for any earthly love."

The following very touching incident occurred on her return to Sweden after her successful *debut* in Paris. She had endeavored to keep her intention a secret from all at home; but, through letters from the Swedish minister there in Paris, it became known. She was ignorant of the fact, however, and on arriving at the home station was surprised to find a great throng at the depot waiting to give her welcome. Numbers of young girls in white bearing garlands of flowers and singing a Swedish song of welcome were there to meet her, and as she stepped from the coach they twined their garlands around her and strewed her path with flowers. This act of affection greatly touched the heart of their fair countrywoman, and after embracing the members of her family, she turned with tearful eyes to her young friends, and in a few tender words expressed her thanks for the touching reception. It was a beautiful tribute to an artist returning to her home crowned with honors she had so justly earned. She had achieved success, and the knowledge of that fact illuminated her whole being and showed itself in her happy face. No words were necessary. The merry laugh of the triumphant *debutante* told its own story, and thousands of friends shared in her joy.

## Recollections of Sothern.

BY FRED LYSER.

OTHERN, Edward Askew, was a queer fish—Askew by name and Askew by nature—a human conundrum that "no fellow could find out." Liberal to extravagance, mean to parsimony, an enthusiastic friend, an unrelenting enemy, intellectual and sensual, modest, yet vain as a coquette—a being made up of opposites, framed of contradictions, and, withal, one of the most attractive men you could meet in a lifetime.

Sothern was the son of a ship-broker in Liverpool. His family is one of the oldest and best among the Lancashire yeomanry of the first class. The name of "Sothern" will be found in Ainsworth's "Lancashire Witches," and in many other romances of Lancashire. He tried ship-broking for a little time, but tiring of it, ran away and drifted on the stage, where, to use his own words, he "devoted his time to getting discharged for incapacity" for some years.

While on a barnstorming expedition in Ire-

land he captured the fancy and eloped with the person of the pretty daughter of the Rev. Mr. Stuart, rector of a small parish near Enniscorthy, County Wexford, a distant relative of the present writer, and came to America. The first time I ever saw him was at Barnum's Museum, where he played the leading part in a moral drama very popular at that time, called "The Drunkard," and was probably the worst actor—the most angular and awkward being—that ever trod the mimic stage. In fact, he never could play anything but *Dundreary*, and he succeeded in that simply because it was his own individuality. Ned Sothern was Lord Dundreary, in all his eccentricities and all his absurdities.

He was fond of likening the mind of *Dundreary* to a shattered mirror, which reflected the images of things about it, but deflected them at the same time. That was precisely his own case—he had a brilliant intellect, "gone wrong." He had the child's proclivity to mischief, the boy's inclination for practical joking, and that unconscious selfishness that is sometimes so charming—that selfishness that leads a man to do good-natured things for pure laziness. His vanity was absolutely puerile. He was firmly persuaded that the greatest Hamlet of the day was lost in him, and once, in London, after a Midland Hotel Sunday symposium, made Joe Knight, of the *Athenaeum*, nearly roll off his chair with astonishment by gravely declaring, between hiccoughs, that he intended to take Drury Lane Theatre and play the *Melancholy Dane* therein next season. Joe thought then, and I believe, thinks still, that he was mad, and, in sooth, he was not far wrong. Sothern had, to say the least, a very large sized tile off.

One of his pet delusions was that he could play Garrick, and he would withdraw Our American Cousin, running to full houses, for the sake of airing himself in Garrick, to empty benches. Apropos of Garrick, during the Haymarket engagement of '74, Salvini was in London. The Italian tragedian has a piece called *Sullivan*, the original from which Garrick was adapted. One evening Sothern sent for a friend of his who could indulge in the "lingua Romana" a bit, and told him that Salvini had sent for a box to witness his performance of Garrick.

"Now," said he, "I want you, like a good fellow, to go and sit with Salvini, and find out what he really thinks of my performance."

Nothing loth, the friend went—with a note of introduction from Sothern. Well, Salvini sat very quiet until it came to the drunken scene—and Sothern expressed the determination to sit down on the floor and indulged in various other tricks and funniments. The great tragedian turned gravely to his companion and said: "I shall not play *Sullivan* in London!" "And why?" queried the one addressed. "Because I could never clown an act like that," pointing to Sothern, who was in the height of his glory at the moment.

That night at supper, with John Oxenford, Joe Knight and others of the inner brotherhood present, Sothern asked his friend what Salvini had said of his acting. Amicus answered quietly: "Oh, he merely remarked that, after seeing you, he would not play *Sullivan* in London;" and would have let it go at that, but Sothern inflated like a balloon, a *vue d'oil*, his mercury went up to fever heat, and he triumphantly asked: "Why? why won't he play *Sullivan*? Tell me his very words." Amicus looked at him and said: "Salvini told me that he would not play *Sullivan* after you, because he could not clown an act as you were doing in your drunken scene." The balloon collapsed; the mercury fell to twenty degrees below zero, and Sothern was eclipsed for the rest of the evening.

In money matters he was most eccentric; lavish, yet parsimonious. Once he accosted the present writer, who was dining with him at the Gramercy Park Hotel in this city, with this remark: "Fred, old man, I want you to go to Australia to-morrow, to make arrangements for a four months' tour."

"All right," answered I.

"Here you are," returned Sothern, taking out a bundle of bills; "here is four thousand dollars; if you want more write."

I happened to have private business in Melbourne, and was very glad to go out on such good terms, and I started; made all arrangements for him, took out his printing and MS., was met in Melbourne by a series of telegrams, each of them as long as a letter, telling me that owing to the breaking down of the Pacific Mail steamer *Tartar*, he could not keep his dates, and desiring me to meet him in London. I did so accordingly, and on my arrival, having a good deal left of the money he had given me for the trip, I proposed an accounting. "Oh, never mind, old boy; just hand over the balance—it's all right." And he took the notes I gave him, and shoved them into his pocket, without counting; and next day haggled over two shillings in a printing bill! Ned Sothern was, at heart, a right good fellow; but his accidental success turned his brain, and his associates, male and female, for the most part took good care that it would not get straight again, and as his will proved, a sicker who once refused to lend him fifty dollars when he was a struggling actor, obtained such an influence over his mind in its decadence, that he left her what remained of his fortune, to the exclusion of wife and children. Truly, he was well named "Askew."

**"An Angel Unawares."**

BY F. G. DE FONTAINE.



In one of the fairest portions of the South, before the war, was a baronial plantation which in point of magnitude and beauty was without peer. It had descended from father to son in an unbroken succession for nearly a century, and throughout the States was celebrated not more for the skill applied in its management than for the princely hospitality that was dispensed by its respective proprietors. From the piazza of the great mansion—they would call it a palace in the old country—you could survey thousands of acres of rice and woodland, luxuriant with the growth peculiar to the section, and see at their busy tasks a thousand slaves. Within a stone's throw of the house were the "quarters" where they dwelt, the neat cottages with a garden patch in front of each, the big nursery where the "piccaninnies" were taken care of by the younger children while the mothers were in the field, and the old plantation chapel where master and mistress and servant were wont to assemble and unite in praise to "the Giver of every good and perfect gift." This little church alone was a gem. It indicated at once the character and taste of the owner; for, without and within, it illustrated the spirit of fidelity and affection. The edifice itself was erected to the memory of one of the ancestors of the family. It was of the gothic style and capable of seating several hundred people; the carvings were as rich and elaborate in design as you would see in a city; the stained-glass windows were imported from England, and on them were inscribed the names of the dead slaves who had passed away during one generation and another. Here, for instance, you would read, "Sacred to the memory of our faithful housemaid, Juno;" there, "To the memory of Rufe, for forty years our coachman;" in another place, a tribute to some humble old field-hand who had been gathered to his fathers; and so on throughout the little church. It was a place to be remembered, and one in which you might linger for hours and conjure up the reminiscences of a hundred years.

Ten miles away, in the stillness of the night, you could hear the throb of the great Atlantic as its surf breasted the shore. Here was the "Newport," the Summer locale of the neighboring planters, whence they travelled up and down the coast in the enjoyment of such sport as can only be found along the south Atlantic shore. Within a few hundred yards of the house ran a noble river—the highway to the sea and the city, and the home of the alligator and wild-fowl and it was a picturesque spectacle when in the cool of the day, a score or more of launches shot out from the landings of the adjacent plantations filled with gaily dressed parties, making or returning their social calls. The mansion itself was the home of grace, taste and hospitality; and its spaciousness and elegance were in keeping with the broad, generous spirit that characterized the wealthy Southern planters of the old school. Its curiosities had been gathered from every quarter of the globe: its art treasures were the works of the best masters, and its comprehensive library represented the best in intellectual thought of the age. It was a house in which, as Daniel Webster once said while on a visit, "no gentleman could take a liberty." There was a servant for every guest, and the cellars were filled with wines a century old.

In this lap of luxury, and among the associations of the rich and famous, was bred the gentlemen to whom the principal incidents in the present narrative refer. Like most planters' sons, he was permitted to follow his own predilections and choose his own profession. In early life he had developed a fondness for art—painting, poetry and music, and even as a child exhibited a talent that was precocious. He was accordingly sent to Europe to acquire a knowledge of painting, and there was an enthusiastic student in the ateliers of Paris, Florence, Milan and Dusseldorf. He returned to make himself famous by painting the portraits of its distinguished citizens and presenting them on canvas some of the loveliest of its scenes. The beginning of the war found him prosperous, self-reliant and ready to do battle for his life come misfortune in what dire shape it might. It came, alas! all too soon, and as if directed by the hand of fate, loss followed loss in quick succession until at last he became "a poor pensioner on the bounty of an hour." Fire destroyed his studio in the city, and in a single night swept away the accumulations of years, driving him, with crippled resources, to seek the refuge of his plantation home. While

there the Union troops landed on the coast, and in a few hours not a vestige remained of the once beautiful establishment but ashes and embers. The artist was now comparatively destitute, for he could carry with him in his flight only such articles as were conveniently portable, and these could not be turned into ready money without sacrifice.

Like many other Southern refugees who had been compelled to abandon their homes, he lived thenceforth in a species of proud poverty and patiently awaited the end of the war. When it came he found his condition even worse than before; but he was not one to sit idly down and with folded hands bemoan his misfortune. He determined to go to New York and begin life anew, having faith that his ability as an artist would be quickly recognized by the profession and that he would find abundant and profitable employment. With a stock in trade consisting of little more than his easel and brushes and a brave heart, he arrived in this city some time in 1865 or '66. Renting a modest home in the suburbs, he next secured a studio, where he was fortunate enough to find as a neighbor one whose name is famous in the annals of art, and who had been his fellow student in Dusseldorf. But the tide still set against him. He was a stranger in a great city. Few knew him beyond his little artistic circle, and the members of this were, like himself, engaged in the struggle for fame and wealth. His brush was his only letter of credentials, and this could write but slowly. Meanwhile the wolf began its gnawing at the door of his home, and the pawnshop to know his occasional presence. Compelled to paint pictures for dealers, he received whatever miserable pittance they might allow for what he facetiously called his "merchandise;" but these barely kept him supplied with the necessities of life.

As time wore on matters became worse; one by one, bits of furniture and clothing were thrown into the insatiate maw of the monster Want, until even the wedding ring of his wife was surrendered to buy bread.

One day, in the midst of this crisis, the artist was painting wearily in his studio, when the door opened and his old friend of Dusseldorf entered, accompanied by a tall, soldierly-looking gentleman past the middle age, and whose courtly presence indicated the man of culture and travel.

"Mr. Herbert, allow me to make you acquainted with Colonel Gregory, a retired officer of the Army."

(The reader will of course understand that these names are assumed in order to conceal the identity of the parties.)

The visitor was invited to be seated, and the friendly artist having withdrawn, the Colonel stated that the object of his call was to make the acquaintance of one whose name was familiar in art circles and of whom he had heard while abroad. What followed is best told in the language of Mr. Herbert, who subsequently described the incident to the writer.

"The conversation at first was conventional and confined chiefly to topics connected with my profession; but it gradually drifted to general subjects, and finally to the war and my own personal history, in which the old gentleman seemed to be singularly interested. I was too proud to refer to my present condition of want; but there must have been something in my manner that suggested it, for in a sympathetic, fatherly way, he drew his chair close to mine as I sat at the easel, and began to inspect the commonplace picture which I was, as usual, painting for the trade."

"Too good for the trade," was his remark; "I should like to own that myself," and affecting to admire it enthusiastically, he inquired the price. I told him it would probably be sold for one hundred dollars; but that it was a rapid and careless piece of work and scarcely worthy of a place in a choice collection.

"I'll take it, anyhow," he said, and I offered for a sheet of paper. I furnished him writing material, and as he made his adieu, ten or fifteen minutes later, he handed me a check. Thanking God that relief had come at last, I started at once for home; but you may imagine my surprise when I found that instead of one hundred dollars, the check called for two hundred and fifty dollars. Then my heart sank within me again, for I believed that the old Colonel, in some absent-minded way, had made a mistake, and that it would compromise me to draw the cash. I consulted with my little wife, and she said, "Keep it; we'll struggle along until he comes again." It was not many days before he returned, and meanwhile I had gone carefully over the picture and put upon it some of my best work. I called attention to his error. "Error? No error, at all, sir; you underrate your skill and are throwing away your time; keep the check and change the subject." Turning to the easel, he said, after a moment's pause: "By the way, let me make a suggestion: as this picture is now mine, I would like to have you strengthen the foliage yonder, and add an old tree or two there on the right, with the figures of cows and sheep browsing."

Certainly I said; for at last I was working with an artist's true incentive. He remained a long time and seemed to be interested in everything said and done: conversed on a great variety of topics, and was evidently loth to take his departure. When he did so he slipped into my hand another check, and this time it was for four hundred dollars. Before I could utter a word of gratitude he was down stairs and out of hearing.

Well, the picture was finally finished

and I announced that it was ready for delivery. If I remember rightly, it was sent to one of the dealers on Broadway to be framed, and then, with characteristic generosity, it was presented by the Colonel to a church fair in progress, for the purpose of being raffled.

"He continued his visits to my studio until I learned to expect him almost daily and in his absence to miss his charming sociability and instructive observations; for a better conversationalist I rarely heard. This intimacy continued for more than two years, during which I executed commissions for him amounting to twelve or fifteen thousand dollars, while he in turn lifted me from the depths and enriched me with his unselfish affection. Suddenly he disappeared from the city, and for months our only communication was by letter. He had been taken seriously ill with a lingering disease and removed to his residence at Newport. Then followed a long interval of silence, that was at last broken by a note written in a strange hand stating that the Colonel was not expected to survive, and asking me to repair at once to his bedside. I found him very feeble, and sinking rapidly; but he recognized me and begged that I would stay with him until the last. He died with his hand clasped in mine; but, as the poet Campbell says—

To live in hearts we leave behind  
Is not to die.

"In a few days after my return to the city I received a letter from the executors of his estate announcing that my dear old friend had left me a legacy of ten thousand dollars in government bonds. And so," said the artist, "ends a bit of life's history in which was illustrated to me all that is sweet and beautiful in life's religion."

\* \* \* \* \*

Poor fellow, it was not more than a year before he, too, yielded to the dread summons and, with the ripened fruit of fame in his hand, went to rejoin the good man whom he had entertained as "an angel unawares."

**Shadows on the Wall.**

"Tis pleasant to be missed."  
Were the last remembered words;  
"Tis pleasant to be kissed."  
Sing the roses to the birds.  
If I were but the bird,  
And some one were the rose,  
The happiness inferred  
Might be yielded, I suppose.  
But the happy birds have flown,  
With the roses on their breast,  
And I am left alone  
In the solitary nest:  
And the loneliness around  
So afflicts me with its gloom,  
I can almost hear the sound  
Of the silence in the room.  
So I shut my eyes and think  
Of the words I heard them say;  
I shut my eyes and drink  
All the nectar they convey:  
I shut my eyes—ah, me!—  
And their happiness recall;—  
I shut my eyes and see  
Their shadows on the wall.  
What was it that stirred  
Upon the rose's lip?  
What was it that the bird  
Took so much pains to sip?  
Oh! happy, happy rose!  
Oh! more than happy bird!  
I would not dare disclose  
All the music that I heard.  
Or, was it that my lonely  
Fancy comfort found  
In thus enriching only  
The shadow of a sound?  
Well, let me not enquire  
Too deeply into cause—  
I have but learned the higher  
Effect of Nature's laws;  
And that sometimes—in one light—  
We may see man and maid  
In such relief that sunlight  
Grows brighter in the shade.

—BARTON HILL.

**Have We a School of Acting?**

BY ETTIE HENDERSON.

The recent presentation of Romeo and Juliet at the Lyceum Theatre in London was an artistic production of no small value, at a time when most critics (even actors themselves) are constantly exclaiming "There is no school for acting at the present day." The question is, "What is a school for acting?" I can recall my own early training in the then so-called school, and I

find the preference lies in many instances with the present instead of the past. In former times there was a general routine—a tragedy and farce—for an evening's entertainment, or comedy and farce. The star usually had the first piece—so that if Mrs. Lander played The Hunchback, it was likely to be followed by Poor Pilliecoody or Betsy Baker. If Mr. Forrest played Hamlet, we probably had A Pleasant Neighbor. The stars usually had the same repertoire, and the stock company were all supposed to be perfect in the parts they were cast for.

Stock farces were produced in rapid succession in the beginning of the season, so as to be ready for use, and it was only about the holiday season that any particular or special attraction was gotten ready.

In this respect former days were in advance of the present, for actors had to study more than one part and be prepared for many different characterizations; but the repetitions of plays were numerous, and out of this grew their improvement. The rapidity of study required at first prevented much penetration of the characters as intended by the author, and the customary reading of parts was accepted from one actor to another, and that was an end of it. Imagine the man who had been playing juvenile business suddenly called upon to play Romeo, because the leading man preferred Mercutio to a star Juliet, with one rehearsal and the bill changed nightly! It was not possible to play this part more than acceptably, and it was not until after many repetitions that an actor felt himself easy. As able an artist as Mr. Irving is, he would scarcely attempt such a character with one rehearsal, yet in former days it was expected that you could. Though with reference to Mr. Irving's performance of Romeo, I might say with La bouchere of Truth, who only re-echoed the words of the famous author himself, "O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?" Yet no one can deny that Mr. Irving is an artist, and that the production at the Lyceum was most perfect in detail.

And why not?

It had been in rehearsal several months. To my way of thinking, that must be a school for acting where pieces are prepared in that manner and actors have an opportunity to shape themselves to their characters. This cannot apply to Mr. Irving, as he is physically incapable of realizing a lovesick swain. Our American stage in its present form does not admit of any school; for no sooner does an actor or actress strike some special character in which they have been lavishly applauded by the audience, or generously noticed by the press, than they immediately throw aside the opportunity for further improvement by getting a play adapted to that one particular style, and travel, hoping to obtain fame and fortune. How seldom these are reached the catalogue of each season's failures testifies.

I cannot speak of the provincial theatres in England; but in London it is not so. Actors of ability are content to remain attached to stock companies season after season, and though they have long runs, much longer than ours, they never slight a performance or seem to grow weary. They like to take advantage, too, of opportunity for improvement, which occurs often by giving special matinees, and I know of none who would slight a part and say, "It's only for one matinee—I'll manage to get through." The gentleman who played Clifford Armitage, at the Princess' Theatre during the whole run of Lights o' London, and who was certainly one of the most polished villain I ever saw upon the stage, I also saw play, in one week, Hector, in Led Astray, and Sir Harcourt Courtly. Certainly a wide range for a young actor, which he is, and only a few seasons ago brought from the provinces. He was most favorably noticed by the press who complimented him on his complete change of style and his great versatility, and he will probably remain satisfied without seeking a play to travel with. I am sure I enjoyed Mrs. Kendal's performance of The Squire; but no more than I did young Tom Robertson's gypsy boy, or his sister Christiana, by Ada Murray. It was with a sigh of regret I saw each performer leave the stage—the scenes were too short for me. But The Squire had many long and careful rehearsals, aided by the author himself, and so the artists in the cast had thorough schooling. Great as Mrs. Kendal's success has been, she is content to remain the leading lady of her own theatre. So the training for these successful runs is apparent in this country where we have the advantage of perfect stage direction, as was the case in the production of Led Astray at the Union Square Theatre, and latterly The Pirates of Penzance, Patience, Youth, etc. It seems to me we have a school for acting now, such as the time demands, as well as formerly—very much modified I grant, but all sufficient to give us good artists. It is not to be expected that we can have rapid development among the younger professionals, because they perhaps will only play five parts in as many years; but if there is genius and unmistakable talent it must gradually display itself by this constant training. So such productions as that at the Lyceum are of incalculable advantage to all professionals. It is not to say alone that Mr. Irving cannot play Romeo, but to admire the perfection of detail and skill in production, to show the earnest work of his artists as well as himself; in fact, to clearly demonstrate that there is a school for acting if there are those who are willing to submit to the arduous duties and requirements of art.

**Dramatic Inspiration.**

BY FRED MARSDEN.



James Parton, in one of his essays, declares that the ability to tell a story in dramatic form is a natural gift. However this may be, one thing is certain—it is an art that no one can teach. I have often been asked how I write plays. The answer has in every instance been the same—"I do not know." When Sheridan Knowles was once questioned as to what he intended by a certain passage in The Hunchback, he replied: "Don't ask me; play write themselves." Mrs. Burnett recently made almost the same reply in relation to her works: "I can't tell how I do it."

Now, I do not wish it to be inferred from the above that I claim for the imaginative writer what is known as inspiration. I do not believe in inspiration—that is, the sudden birth in the mind of an idea which is not the result of some previous labor. I regard what is termed inspiration as simply another name for unconscious cerebration. No great literary work is accomplished without labor. The literary worker is not exempt from the universal law—"Earn thy bread by the sweat of thy brow." A man passes day after day in the vain effort to solve some problem, to arrange some situation. He leaves his desk in despair, and long after, when the mind is apparently engaged with some other subject, he is "inspired" with an idea, eureka! the problem is solved. This is not inspiration, but the result of the previous labor; the mind has worked out the solution unconsciously—in other; words unconscious cerebration.

As THE MIRAN recently did me the honor to refer to my definition of genius, let me avail myself of this opportunity to explain myself more fully. Most writers who have defined the word have made a study of themselves, and unhesitatingly define it as that which they know themselves to possess. Honest old Buffon declared genius to be—patience; and certainly no man possessed more of it than did the old French naturalist. Goldsmith asserted it to be "The feelings of childhood carried into the powers of manhood." This has also been attributed to Coleridge; but it certainly sounds more like the former. Goldsmith was a child all his life. Again, we have ponderous Dr. Johnson, who gravely assures us that it is—"The powers of mind accidentally directed to some particular object." Here the inference is reasonable, that all men possess genius, all that is required being the "accidental direction." As everyone is entitled to an opinion, I may venture, with due humility, to state mine. Unlike the other writers, I define genius to be, what I most certainly do not possess, viz: the ability to fully concentrate the mental powers; to so lose oneself in the work of the moment as to be unconscious of the passing hours, of personal fatigue, of distracting surroundings.

The experience of an old astronomer fully illustrates this point. I have unfortunately forgotten his name; but I have read with much interest the following account of him. Intent on the study of the heavens, he passed the entire night in his observatory, and, finally, rising with a sigh, exclaimed: "Ah, it is getting late and I must go bed." It was only then he realized that the dawn was breaking.

**Passion Flowers.**

Drop them wearily  
into the graves  
Of tender hope and  
love betrayed;  
Toss them idly into  
the waves,  
Near prisoned pearls  
in ocean caves.  
Since greed, ambition  
and selfish strife  
Blind our senses and clog our life,  
Crush their petals where ruins lie.  
But, on the tomb of friend the nearest,  
Or mother, or wife, or sweetheart dearest,  
Tenderly place thy passion-flower chaplet,  
All bared from sorrow, all tear bedewed.

For angels move from the land unseen  
To gather these weary dropped blooms, I  
weep;  
And hands of friendly sprites shall lift  
Thy idle tossings 'neath billow's drift.

Those royal leaves, from thy battle-ground  
Shall fairy queens on zephyrs bear,  
Cheering the scene of thy dark despair.  
And over thy shadowy castles of Spain  
Crushed petals take new life again.  
From the tomb of friend the nearest,  
Or mother or wife, or sweetheart dearest,  
Immortal hands renew the chaplet  
Of passion flowers once tear bedewed.

—ANNIE WAKEMAN.



A Cruise Aboard the Galatea.  
BY AN INVITED GUEST.

Call me early in the morning,  
Call me early, mother dear;  
For to-morrow is the gladdest day  
Of all the glad new year,

was my last prayer as I retired to rest on the evening before our great cruise was to begin.

The day of days, the day to be marked by a white stone—for Mary Ander-

son's new yacht, the *Galatea*, had proved

herself to be a staunch seaboot, A No. 1,

and her owner, the great tragedienne, had

invited me, an humble aspirant for Thespian

honors, but as yet unknown to fame, to ac-

company her on a cruise, a real cruise; not

one of your everyday trips, when you lift

your anchor only to let it go again before the

water has fairly dried on its flukes; but a

genuine yacht voyage—touching at various

ports, being sea rovers in earnest for a while,

and leaving the "dull and changeless shore"

for "a life on the ocean wave." The mere

anticipation of such an adventure was so ex-

citing that I could scarcely sleep a wink. I

fancied myself "Viola," and asked in broken

accents during troubled dreams "what should

I do in Illyria, my brother, he is in Elysium?"

However, the world "resolves upon its axle-

tree," as Pat says in some Irish drama, and,

consequently, the longest night must have a

morrow. The sun arose punctual as per

almanac and "stood tiptoe on the misty

mountain's top" waiting for his breakfast of

morning mist and scrambled stars, when a

roaring as of many waters affrighted mine

ear. The sound originated in the throat of

the fiery Griffin that guards the treasury of

the tragedienne, and whose ravening appeti-

te, when on the rampage, is to be ap-

peased only by whole hecatombs of dollars,

offered by eager crowds at the mouth of the

monster's den, over which is inscribed, as

over the gate of Dante's Inferno, the awful

legend: "Box Office." The terrible sound

startled me, and, "aroused from fitful slum-

bers, I awoke," and, to speak nautically,

"tumbled up in a jiffy," and reported on the

quarter-deck, or rather in the breakfast par-

lor, where, in company with several other

craft bound on the same trip, we stowed the

lower hold "bung up, bilge free and button

on the hatchway," so as to make all trim

and have no shifting ballast. Our skipper,

a "manly" fellow, who, like Cowper's poor

author's stocking, "contrives a double debt

to pay; in Winter acts, in Summer sails the

bay," or words to that effect, rushed from

yacht to hotel and from hotel to yacht,

rousing us up, as he called it. The gig was

waiting at the pier and in the twinkling of

a rowlock we were all aboard.

"All hands up anchor!" bellowed the

skipper in his most brattling tones, reminding

us all of John McCullough in *Virginius*,

and with an air so intensely nautical that

the whole stage setting of *Black-Eyed Susan*

rose before our mental vision like a transfor-

mation scene in a pantomime. At the word

the crew rushed to the capstan, and Signor

Wignoli, the great tenor, giving the cue,

there arose on the morning air the stirring

clause of the *Anchor Song*, which, as given

forth by the Signor and chorus, sounded

something like this:

Solo.—Oh, vere-a-goin'-a-for-a-to-a-leaf a-

yeah.

Chorus.—Oh, yo, heave oh!

Solo.—Ze pretty-a-gals a-long-a-de-a-shore-

a.

Chorus.—Oh, yo, heave oh.

And so on.

"Da capo ad nauseam," as Jack Spinner,

the reporter of *THE MIRROR*, malignantly

grumbled. Up came the mud-hook with a

squall, and in stentorian accents the stern

command arose, "Go ahead—slow!" A

shriek, a puff, a rumbling and a splashing,

and the *Galatea* was under way, the salt

waves rippling under her bows as "we cleft

the waters like a thing of life." Long

Branch was soon left behind. Then came

the order "go ahead—full speed," and we

rushed through the yielding tide at fifteen

knots an hour, more or less—ad lib—by

Sandy Hook, Coney Island, Norton's, Bath,

Long Island, then "up helm," and Staten

Island grew upon our charmed sight, the

Kills, Perth Amboy and then—a thick dark-

ness fell upon us, "even a darkness which

might be felt;" the wind got up, so did the

sea, as if to bear it company. As the wind

and the sea got up so did our spirits and

our go down. "The say began to rowl,"

as Barney O'Toole said, "an the vessell

rowled in the say, an' we rowled in the

vessell, an' the viciuals rowled in us," and

"we were sore afraid" and rather inclined to

be ill. Our hostess, alone, bore up bravely.

Addressing her father she said, in measured

tones that showed the calm equanimity of

her character: "If by your act, my dearest

father, you have put the wild waters in this

war, alay them. The sky, it seems, would

pour down stinking pitch, but that the sea,

mounting to the welkin's cheek, dashes the

fire out." A green and yellow melancholy

overspread the Doctor's face at this appeal.

With smothered voice he thus unfolded his

mind to the Captain: "Speak to the mar-

ners; fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves aground—beast, bestir!" Our skipper, responsive to the call of duty and the voice of his superior, sang out: "Heigh, my hearts! Cheerily! cheerily! my hearts; take in the topsail—tend to the master's whistle. Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough." At this moment some of our lady passengers, screamed a volume of screams, and the worthy skipper, losing his temper, roared out lustily. "A plague upon this howling, they are louder than the weather or our office." A little perky fellow, one of those who toady to the great, rushed aft, exclaiming in terrified accents, "The manager! the manager!" We had a Western manager aboard who had never seen the sea before. "What's wrong with the manager?" we all exclaimed, for a manager among Thespians is like a whale among minnows.

"The manager is sick," howled the little man.

"The manager may go to Bath," roared the skipper, who in his Summer capacity of sailor ignored all managers for the nonce. "Hence! What care these roarers for the name of King? To cabin! Silence! Trouble them not."

I confess I was frightened. I felt as if I would give "a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground—turf, heath, broom, furze, anything. The wills above be done, but I would fain die a dry death." Just then a terrible cry resounded fore and aft—

"A man overboard!" I looked; the Doctor was gone. "Perchance he is not drowned," cried I. And the Captain, turning to the distracted mistress of the yacht, said, consolingly, "I saw your father, most provident in peril, bind himself, courage and hope both teaching him the practice, to a strong mast that lived upon the sea, where, like Atrion upon the dolphin's back, I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves as long as I could see." As he spoke a dripping form was hauled on board, a feeble voice murmured in scarce audible accents, "R. Ag. vit., 3 oz.; haust. sum. G." According to prescription, brandy was administered straight, and the moribund was, like Richard, "himself again." The Griffin was rampant once more after this Jonah like episode. The winds and waves, as if their fury were appeased by this vicarious sacrifice, sank to rest; our spirits were again above proof, and, with a favoring gale and a full head of steam, we made Keyport, whence, after an hour's sojourn, to regain the equilibrium of our stomachs, we once more set forth, and reached Long Branch without further adventure. And thus ended the cruise of the *Galatea*.

## The Mission of the Theatre.

BY MILTON NOBLES.

While vainly searching almanacs and provincial newspapers of alleged humorous tendencies for subject-matter for an original and exquisitely funny article for the *MISCELLANEOUS MIRROR*, I was impressed with the fact of an irreconcilable antagonism between humor and 98 degrees Fahrenheit. However, I ran across the usual midsummer assault upon the playhouse and the player, by the cross-roads preachers, who have in our craft a never-failing fount of notoriety, when they find themselves going stale through mental barrenness. Others of these same learned

Thebans have favored us with dissertations upon the "decency of the stage," "impurity of the drama," etc., *ad nauseam*. At the

imminent risk of heaviness, I have resolved to venture a few ideas upon the threadbare topic that forms the caption of this article.

For a half dozen centuries, more or less, the

subject of the true function of the Drama has

been revived with a regularity so chronic

that it may be said never to have ceased.

Some two years or more ago, some eminent

canons of the Established Church, and some

equally eminent actors, met in friendly dis-

cussion in Manchester, during which the

former expressed a willingness to patronize

and encourage a "purified drama" as a "high

moral teacher." And, in my humble judg-

ment, right here is the gulf into which the

self-constituted "reformers" of the drama

plunge. They show their ignorance of their

subject by arguing from an entirely false

premise. The idea that any sane person

goes, or ever will go, to the theatre to listen

to a moral lecture or theological essay, is

simple rot. The drama belongs essentially

to the domain of art, not ethics. People don't

go to church to laugh (I am not shaken in

this conviction by the fact that one or two

eminent Brooklyn divines do not share it);

neither do they go to the theatre to pray any

more than to an art gallery. The dramatist,

the actor, the painter, the sculptor have

their sphere—a sphere that has nothing

in common or in conflict with the theologian

or the inculcator of moral philosophy. The

world is large enough for both, and civilization

demands one as cultivation demands the

other. The representation of the beauty,

the pathos, the sublimity in nature and in

human character is the legitimate aim of art,

## Spray from Scarborough.

BY AUGUSTA ROCHE.



Last Summer, while traveling in the North of England, my wandering footsteps transported me suddenly from the busy, dusty and hard-working business town of Hull to that charming, bright and enjoyable resort of pleasure and health-giving breezes known as Scarborough, on the coast of Yorkshire, more familiarly called the "Queen of English Watering Places;" and the sudden transition from dull business and money-making, so impressed itself on my mind, that I committed by thoughts to paper, and here they are. I arrived at Scarborough in the early morning, in time for breakfast at the Grand Hotel, and after satisfying a voracious appetite, invigorated by the pure sea air, I beheld from the window a magnificent panorama. The ocean lay before me, calmly and lazily rolling under the almost tropical sun, here and there flecked with canoes, pleasure boats, and in the distant horizon a ship or two bound for Scotland. I seemed to be standing in the centre of a grand, sweeping bay formed by a crescent of high and snowy cliffs. But I must try and describe the exquisite and peculiar beauty of this place from another standpoint. Imagine yourself on the sands by the margin of the sea, facing the semi-circle of cliffs; on the summit of the extreme right is the Fort, looking like some ancient mediæval castle, its sombre walls and subdued tints of age being enlivened by the continual twinkling about of the scarlet coats of the soldiers; an occasional bugle-call, and all the fascinating commotion and fuss connected with military life; then comes the old portion of the town, so built as to represent terraces running down to the broad esplanade, almost on to the beach. Next the Grand Hotel (rightly named), which is built right up on the cliff, and boldly towering above everything else, looks as if it was about to precipitate itself into the sea far below. The many windows and broad verandahs, all beautifully decorated with flowers, give it a most charming and novel appearance. Adjoining this is a very high bridge connecting the two cliffs, and on a level with the upper part of the town; the opening between which discloses a perfect forest of tall trees, and in the distance the entrance to the aquarium; here standing in clusters are small pony carriages with boys "en postillion," their bright-colored jackets and caps adding not a little to the gaiety of the scene.

A very pretty Gothic archway admits you to the "Spa," a broad esplanade built about fourteen feet above the level of the sea, and extending for a quarter of a mile at the foot of the left crescent. In the centre of this is built a very commodious and elegant hall, which is used every evening for concerts, etc., and in the mornings, from eleven till two, a band performs selections of music on the esplanade, the whole of the centre of which is filled by ornamentally covered seats; the rock that forms the background of this charming promenade is covered with foliage, trees and flowers, and is cut in zigzag terraces arranged with seats and summer-houses, as places of rest for the traveller on his road to the top. If, however, the said traveller is disposed to tread its many paths, he has but to take the cars which mount up almost perpendicularly and will quickly whiz to the summit of an otherwise inaccessible cliff. Let us hope, though, that few are of that mind, or they would lose much of the beauty and diversity which many of the ladies add to the scene by the taste and brilliancy displayed in their toilets, which are, as a rule, very simple, but the acme of perfection. So far as novelties are concerned in the art of dressing, a few are quite worth describing. One that took my fancy very much was an underskirt of violet and gold (I should say that linen, cambric and the like fabrics are mostly used), the overskirt of figured cambric of old gold color and panies in groups, made *a la princesse* and draped at the back with violet ribbons; the hat a white willow with wreath of flowers entwined, and a sunshade of cambric made to represent one large pansy. Another costume of white muslin and lace, green ribbons, white hat to correspond, with a group of water-lilies, and a sunshade of cambric made to resemble a large water-lily reversed the handle of pale green to imitate the stem. The effect of these sunshades is most beautiful and very novel. Some represent a large rose, another a tulip, a chrysanthemum, a sunflower, a lily, also various butterflies; others again are of one plain color with a large group of some flower painted on one side, and connected with the stick by a ribbon also painted to correspond, the handles, as a rule, imitating

the stems of the flowers. They are also made very long, quite sixty inches, so that when closed they can be used as a kind of Alpine stick for climbing the ascents, and when sitting down they can be driven into the sand and form a sort of canopy and shade without the trouble of holding up. The effect when looking down on the promenade from any vantage point on the terraces, was magical, and suggested a varied and animated flower garden. I do not believe that at any other spot in the world can be viewed such scenes of life and color.

Thus far I have only referred to the morning toilets, and I am sorry space will not permit me to dilate upon the wonderful frenzies, and in some cases poems, in the way of costume, that are worn at the nightly carpet dances which are given at the different large hotels. The amusements of Scarborough are by no means limited to the promenade and music. There is the usual bland photographer, who is only too anxious to immortalize you upon glass or paper; the wandering troupe of nigger minstrels, and the invariable crowd of itinerant musicians, who attract the eye but torture the ear. The sands being hard and firm, was a favorite rendezvous for equestrians, and several sheltered nooks induced archery, lawn-tennis and croquet; whilst the children, besides the ever fresh pleasure of digging on the sands, had their donkey rides and drives in pretty little carriages drawn by goats (single or pair). Refreshments are easily attainable from numerous vendors of fresh milk, fruit and cakes; and last, but not least, the bathing is excellent.

The town of Scarborough is fairly built and contains some broad streets, several very good stores, many places of interest, a fine concert hall, and a most elegant little theatre, which is always occupied in the season by some fashionable company, for those who prefer that kind of amusement to the more healthy attractions of moonlight sails, walks, and the sea air. I much regretted that the duration of my visit was so limited, that it did not permit me the opportunity of exploring the wonderful caves and the lovely, drives in the country round about; but I trust at some future time I may be enabled to renew my acquaintance with Scarborough, which, in my opinion, for beauty, fashion, attractions and pure sea air is most justly styled "The Queen of English Watering Places."

## The "Gusher."

A PORTRAIT FROM LIFE.



They say she is romantic,  
And just the least pedantic—  
We occasionally chaff her in a quiet sort of  
way;

For her spirits are elastic,  
And she's so enthusiastic,  
That she loves to pile superlatives on all  
she has to say.

Her friends are "quite too charming,"  
"Unpleasant" is "alarming!"  
She "adores" a pretty bonnet, she "abhors"  
a dowdy dress;  
She dotes on the mæthetical,  
Is mad for the poetical,  
And worships all that's beautiful more than  
she can express.

These gushing manners tickle us,  
We vote them quite ridiculous,  
For we are all so sensible, and life, alas! is  
real;

The "unutterably utter"  
With our daily bread and butter  
Will not at all amalgamate, so down with  
the ideal!

Besides, we find a pleasure  
(Unworthy in a measure),  
In picking little holes in all our neighbors'  
Sunday coats;

We love them, oh, intensely!  
But it pleases us immensely  
To investigate their beams, while quite  
regardless of our motives!

Now the "Gusher," oft derided,  
On one subject is decided,  
Where she cannot like or admire, she  
simply turns away;

Where she cannot praise, she silent is,  
For love to her a tyrant is,

And "Love your neighbor as yourself," the  
rule she must obey.

So to her conscience dutiful,  
She finds the whole world beautiful,  
The sun is always shining and the grass is  
ever green;

Don't pity, while you sneer at her,

Though all creation jeer at her

She would not change her lot to be an  
Empress or a Queen.

—SYDNEY COWELL.

## An Old Man's Exit.

BY LLOYD BREZZEE, EDITOR OF "CHAFF."



You know, I often fancy that Wagner must get many of his ideas from the winds.

There is a weird, wild, unearthly music in the winds that blow in the Ides of March, and never did I realize this more fully than on one evening, some weeks since, when I sat in a little bed room in one of the tumble-down hotels that line the river front and serve as winter quarters for the sailors on our great inland lakes. A small kerosene lamp and the moon, sailing through the cloud-flecked sky, illuminated the dingy apartment, while the signs creaked to the motion of the howling wind outside. The dim light served to make the pallid features of the gray-haired man on the rickety bed more ghastly than usual. "Crazy Harry," as he was known, was dying, and I was there alone with him. I had known him in other and, for him, better days, and, hearing of his illness, had found him just in time to hear a little of a history which he had never told to any one. He had been an actor, and a good one, in his day; but for several years he had seen nothing of the footlights. At first he was considered a sort of "Jonah," and sunk lower and lower in the professional scale, until at last even the "barnstorming" companies would not engage him. Then he became an auctioneer, and at last took to "clerking" in the cheap hotels, where his fits of mental aberration earned him the sobriquet of "Crazy Harry."

After I had sat with him for some time he raised himself upon his elbow with considerable effort and in a feeble voice said:

"This is the last call for me, old boy; I've got my cue and the other stage is waiting, and if one thing could be done I would lay down quietly and let them dress me for the part we all have to play once."

"What is it, Harry; perhaps I can do it for you?"

"No; you would be too late. Curse them!" he cried, almost springing from the bed. "I wish I had the strength to do it once more!"

"What is it?" I asked, feeling convinced that the delirium was coming on him.

"Open the doors of the Grey Nunnery in Montreal," he cried earnestly. "They have shut in there the only woman I ever loved. She is there now if the devils have not killed her. Oh, God why?"

The dying man's agitation was too much for his waning strength and he sank back exhausted. When he became more quiet I drew from him the story of his life. Twenty years ago he was the juvenile man of a popular London theatre, and while holding that position he became enamored of a beautiful young lady, the daughter of a wealthy knight, who returned his love. The parents, of course, opposed the union, although the young man announced his readiness to leave the stage. Nothing could overcome the opposition of the young lady's father, and at last they resolved to elope. Their plans were discovered, and, to be brief, the father threatened that his daughter should be sent to a convent and become a nun if she did not discard her actor-lover. This she refused to do, and one day father and daughter sailed for America. Harry followed them to Montreal, and there found that the inhuman father had put his threat into execution. He lingered about the quaint old French town for months; but all his attempts to see the young novitiate failed. Several times he made trips to England, hoping that she might be brought back; and at last he learned that she had taken the veil with the Grey Nuns. For a score of years she had been the love of his life. "And I know Alice loves me still," he said; "and I have known all these years," continued he, "that she would leave everything for me."

Poor fellow! His love for one woman had kept him in blissful ignorance of their fickleness!

The story is not worth the space I have used in telling it, for my dull pencil can not picture to you the pale face of the dying man, old before his time, nor can you hear, as I did, the hollow voice mingling with the wild whistle of the winds outside. He had scarcely finished the recital, when he said:

"Hark! The overture is over—everybody up for the last act! Wait a minute—wait a minute! Alice is in front, and I'm going on letter perfect. Look how funny the call-boy is dressed; you would think he was going to play an angel! Hear it? It's the bell; the curtain—is—up! Ring—it down! Ring it—d—."

"Crazy Harry" had made his exit.

## A Canny Scot's Ruse.

BY CORNELIUS MATHEWS.

In the good old days of Henry Clay flourished an admirer of his who declaimed at ward meetings, served on committees and was the first to meet the Kentucky states-

man at the wharf on his visits to this city from Washington, and made it a special point to shed tears—copious tears—over Mr. Clay's defeat as a candidate for the Presidency. The enthusiast we refer to figured as Alderman of the Seventh Ward, County Clerk, and in other positions of authority; also notably as the employee of Richard P. Robinson at the time of his trial for the murder of Helen Jewett.

He was rotund of person, jovial and genial, and famous for telling a good story. We refer, of course, to Joe Hoxie, and it is one of his best stories we now propose to recall. The occasion arose in the course of the funeral of Alderman Taylor. In one of the carriages rode Joe Hoxie and a well-known lawyer who is still living and holds his place among the most respected members of the New York Bar.

As the funeral procession filed across Chat-ham Square, and as it passed the Tradesmen's Bank, facing the Square, Mr. Hoxie said, pointing to the bank: "That reminds me of a story. Did you ever know a man by the name of Donald McGregor in these parts?"

"Very well. He kept a grocery store on the corner of Oak and Roosevelt streets. He was a Scotchman, I think."

"Yes, that's the man, and it was that same Donald that not a great while ago appeared at the bank and presented an oblong piece of paper to the President, Preserved Fish, who you know got his name from being picked up alongshore and afterwards became the senior of the great shipping firm of Fish, Grinnell & Co. Fish was rather a rough and ready character, and when the oblong document was shown he said to McGregor, 'What have you got there, sir?'

"McGregor responded: 'It's my note-of-hand for five hundred dollars at sixty days!'

"Mr. Fish examined the note and remarked: 'Why, it has only one name on it. If you want it cashed here you must have another name. Can you get one?'

"'Easy enough.'

"'Whose name can you bring?'

"'Robert Lenox, to be sure.'

"'Do you know Mr. Lenox?'

"'Nobody knows him better.'

"'That will do.'

"'I'll be back immediately,' McGregor responded as he disappeared. It may be mentioned here that Robert Lenox was the then well-known millionaire.

"In a short time the grocer returned, presented the note, endorsed by Robert Lenox, and received the money for it.

"Just two months and three days from that time there turned up at McGregor's grocery store, on the corner of Oak and Roosevelt streets, a clerical-looking gentleman, who, accosting McGregor, whom he knew by sight, said: 'What does this mean, sir?' at the same time exhibiting an oblong paper and pointing to the name on the back of it.

"'Well, what of it?' inquired the Scotch grocer coolly.

"'Why, just so much as this: Mr. Lenox says it's none of his handwriting—it's a forgery.'

"'Did Bob Lenox deny his own name? We'll soon see about that.'

"With that Donald proceeded to the rear of the store and, looking down a trap, called out in a loud voice:

"'Bob Lenox, you're wanted!'

"Whereupon there emerged from the opening a red head followed by a heavy man in his sleeves, who was immediately conducted into the presence of the bank notary.

"Who is this?" asked the notary.

"'Robert Lenox' was Mr. McGregor's reply.

"'Is that your name?' said the notary, addressing the strange man.

"'They call me Bob Lenox; but when I signs my name it's Robert Lenox.'

"'Is that your signature?' showing him the endorsement on the note.

"'It's nae thing else,' rejoined the grim porter.

"Upon this declaration the notary stared at the man and opened his eyes wide enough to crack the lids if they had not been of tough material. He departed without another word, although it is said that some one passing the door at the time asserts that he heard the clerical gentleman on his exit from the grocer's shop mutter—"Bob Lenox, Bob Lenox."

"When he reached the bank he proceeded immediately to the back parlor, where (it was Directors' day) he encountered a strange sight. The Directors were standing in a circle, with Preserved Fish, the President, in the centre. No sooner was the notary's message disclosed than they cried with one voice, stretching out their necks toward President Fish: 'Just as we expected—a forgery.'

"They then commenced dancing around Mr. Fish in a sort of wild Indian fashion. Presently an officer appeared at the door, and announced that McGregor was at the bank counter paying his note. Upon this, the Directors in a body hastened to the door, and there, sure enough, was the Oak street grocer handing over his money and taking the note, with a most significant grin on his countenance. It was said outside that on seeing this demoniac expression three of the Directors fainted away immediately. The exhibition of so fine a specimen of dry Scotch humor was too much for them. From that day forth the monosyllabic diminutive, 'Bob,' was never allowed to be used in the bank, even in reference to the insignificant money factor known as a 'bob.'

## The Summer Season.



Under the pine tree's shade, I pine  
For what's my own, but is not mine  
Home for the Summer season, I  
Find nature smiling—still I sigh;  
Nor art nor nature can allure—  
Nor all thy rustic haunts, Montmore.  
Here flowery field and waving wood—  
Yet am I in a sorry mood.  
The very air breathes ecstasy—  
Its perfumed breath delights not me;  
The silver brook unnoticed goes,  
And ever seaward silent flows;  
The blue-green peaks of yonder hill  
Alone a sense of sadness fill.  
The fairy landscape smiles in vain,  
It cheers me not; but brings me pain.  
A cuckoo's note in yonder tree  
Doth not disturb my reverie.  
And why is this? Ah, ask me why—  
Shades of the past are passing by;  
Ghosts of a world that will not down,  
But point the way to yonder town.  
They beckon, and, in thought, I go,  
Like other dead-heads, to the show.

II.  
The manager stands at the door—  
I doff my hat and would do more;  
I'd offer all I've lost or own  
If what he knows I'd never known.  
He coldly says: "All hail! to you."  
And I reply, "to reign's your due."  
"Thanks; but the farm—is that forgot?"  
"No, but I've come to share your lot."  
"You come in time—Tis more than kind—  
Before I am too far behind.  
Three thousand now will bridge me o'er—  
A week from now I'd ask you more."

In time, indeed—my check 'tis here;  
Excuse me if I disappear.  
"No, no, come in—the ballet's on"—  
And I am off—my money's gone,  
And time is money, which, forsooth,  
The more I lend the more you'll lose.  
I will repair to rural scenes  
Which, tho' not rare, by any means,  
Are ever changing, just as here,  
Where beauties come and disappear,  
And day-dreams which bring no delight  
Evanish in the sleep of night."

III.  
Welcome, old haunts—I here renew  
The fealty which I erstwhile knew;  
Convinced, at last, he'll most receive  
Who nothing has but love to give.  
Be others blessed—his fortune's made  
Who is content in sun or shade.

What though the owls are murmuring,  
And whippoorwills complaints may bring,  
Bob White shall in the morning make  
A daylight call, and I'll forsake

All morbid fancies of the brain  
And be a countryman again.  
For me the call of noonday horn  
Shall sound sweet music in the corn,

And all the Summer afternoons  
The children

# THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

After the Vacation.



"OH! MY OLD FRIEND; THY FACE IS VALANCED SINCE I SAW THEE LAST."

Hamlet—Act II.

"Union Square in Midsummer."

[OUR SUPPLEMENT.]

It cannot fail, we think, to gratify our thousands of readers to find that we have taken for the subject of our magnificent chromo-lithograph, Union Square, the site of THE MIRROR building and the Summer gathering place of professionals from all the theatrical habitats of the country. The Square has also another interest, antedating its present sumptuous condition; it has a record in history for memorable incidents and events of which it has been the scene. The old gentleman, a well-known dramatist and *littérateur* who has sat a good half-hour looking out earnestly from the semi-editorial window yonder, turns to us suddenly, and, pointing towards the Square, says: "What do you see there?"

Our answer is: "We see a beautiful park or public square, skilfully laid out and elegantly ornamented. What do you see?"

The old gentleman answers: "Go back more than two centuries and I see all this space an open country, and along the lane that runs hereby, on his old farm, riding, wooden-legged Peter Stuyvesant, the old Dutch Governor of the Province of Nieuw Amsterdam. Until a few years past there stood, at the corner below here, a living pear-tree, which was planted from a Holland slip in the year 1647. All this land about here was the old Dutch Governor's Bowery estate."

"Time brought about other events in this neighborhood?"

"It did. Pass over a hundred years and you find another man on horseback—it is General Washington, retiring at the head of his troops, along the old post-road, just by what is now the curb of the Square, before an overpowering English force. In memory of the locality that fine equestrian monument has been placed there, and it is a circumstance worth mentioning, that, in a certain sense, the hat Washington carries in his hand is more precious than any other part of the statue, inasmuch as there is in its composition an admixture of gold, made by various gold pieces of different values, thrown in at the casting by patriotic gentlemen."

"Can you tell when Union Square was founded?"

"It was originated by Governor Morris, one of the great Revolutionary Morris family, who, as Commissioner of the State of New York, laid it out in 1807 and named it 'Union Place.'"

"What was the primitive state of the Square at its lower extremity where the professionals now gather every Summer on the walks in front of the Union Square Theatre?"

"Just there," answered the venerable historian, "was a reedy swamp, the resort of a great variety of singing birds, including the great American owl, the brown thrasher, the oriole, bluejay and catbird, which are now represented in the same locality by the heavy man, the warbling soprano, the comedienne, the jack dandy and the utility people."

"The Square has no doubt seen other sights than those you have mentioned?"

"Yes, most memorable. The Croton procession, on completion of the aqueduct, passed along its grounds in 1842; the only water supply of the city at that time being furnished by one reservoir (and the wooden pumps in the streets), no larger than a three story brick dwelling, which stood just below here on Twelfth-street and Fourth avenue. Then there have been vast gatherings of men there to inaugurate, to celebrate, to glorify the victory, the people, the Union. Soldiers have marched there in great array; orators have there made moving appeals, and music has echoed and re-echoed martial and patriotic and heroic strains. I have told you what Union Square has been—it is for you, the more modern man, *au courant* with events, to declare what it is now in its high condition of civilization, surrounded by a city of millions."

That part of Union Square most interesting to the readers of THE MIRROR is the portion extending along Fourteenth street from Broadway to Fourth avenue, and from Fourteenth to Fifteenth street up the latter thoroughfare. This comprises the theatrical locality covered by the familiar name, "The Square," and is shown in its entirety in the large lithograph accompanying this Midsummer Number, which was designed and executed by Maerz, of the Buffalo Courier Lithographing Company.

At the right of the picture (the corner of

Fourteenth street and Broadway) is shown the Morton House, an hotel patronized to a large extent by professionals. It is conducted in capital style, and the weary actor or manager always finds hearty welcome within its hospitable precincts. In the basement of the hotel is located the establishment of J. Fleming and Company, plumbers and gas-fitters, who attend to all the buildings in the vicinity of the Square. Next the office entrance of the Morton House is the mode of ingress to the Union Square Theatre, with its cosy lobby, box-office and manager's apartments. There is no need to dwell upon Mr. Palmer's famous house. Its history is intimately known to every theatre-goer in the country. At the end of this block the agency of J. Alexander Brown is situated. Mr. Brown's neighborhood is daily crowded with theatrical and variety people who make engagements through his establishment.

On the Fourth avenue side of the Square, extending from Fourteenth to Fifteenth street, are a large number of places which are closely identified with the theatrical feature of this famous resort. The Union Square Hotel and the new Hotel Dam occupy the upper part of the block. These houses are kept by A. J. Dam and Son, two gentlemen widely known among the profession. The cafe, the bar and the restaurant of the Union Square are unrivaled, and the prominent managers and actors who make it their headquarters when in town prefer it above all other hotels. The Hotel Dam has not yet been thrown open; but it will be ready for use this Fall. This property is owned by Mr. Dam; but as he has secured an eight years' renewal of the Union Square lease, he will run the two houses conjointly. We had forgotten to say that Mr. Dam is part proprietor of the celebrated Astor House, down Broadway. Under the hotel A. Baumgartner has located his tonsorial establishment, and has made himself quite popular with the *habitués* of the Square who feel themselves in need of his services. Next door is the apothecary shop of H. P. King, and besides the usual appurtenances pertaining to his line of business, the weary member of the temperance fraternity may cool his parched mouth with fizzing soda and like liquid refreshment.

Next door to the Union Square Hotel is the MIRROR building, which all professionals visiting New York make their headquarters. Here they receive their mail, write their letters, negotiate with managers and attend to the details of their business in the Summer season. It is literally the Actors' Exchange. Next door below, at No. 10, Messrs. Lights and Ernst, the piano manufacturers and dealers, have their salesrooms. The instruments made by this firm find favor among musicians, and their use is rapidly increasing. A. Roemer and Son, the costumers, occupy No. 8. They have an assortment of dresses to suit any production, and their business is chiefly among professional patrons. At No. 4 is the Hotel Hungaria, famed for its wines, which are specially imported, and to be bought nowhere else. In Summer and Winter alike, the Hungaria attracts numerous actors to its *table d'hôte* which is unexcelled. The show rooms of Francis Kochler, the costumer, are in the next building, No. 2, on the corner of Fourteenth street. There an array of costumes suited to all lines of the drama are to be hired.

THE PORTRAITS.

The lithograph supplement given away with this issue of THE MIRROR comprises, besides the picture of "The Square" proper, the likenesses of one hundred and five representatives of the profession of which this paper is the organ.

So large a number of professional portraits have never before been presented on one sheet, and for that reason, as well as the fidelity of the pictures, our supplement will be equally valuable and interesting to actors, managers and theatre-goers. Every branch of the profession has its representatives. A list of the portraits is given herewith:

Edwin Booth, John McCullough, Lawrence Barrett, William Stafford, Madame Janaschek, Mary Anderson, Margaret Mather and Mille. Rhea.

Frank Mordant, Frank Chanfrau, Frank Evans, E. F. Thorne, Milton Nobles, Oliver Doud Byron, J. Newton Gotthold, Hon. W. F. Cody, Harry Courtaine, DeWolf Hopper, Alexander Cauffman, Louis F. Baum, N. S. Wood and Willis Ross.

Modjeska, Clara Morris, Fanny Davenport, Mrs. Langtry, Rose Coglan, Jeffreys-Lewis, Rose Eyttinge, Alice Dunning Lindard, Katherine Rogers, Bassie Darling, Georgia Cayvan, Agnes Herndon, Agnes Wallace-Villa, Ada Gray, Bertha Welby, Lillian Spencer, Helen Blythe and Miss Murrilla.

Willie Edouin, R. E. Graham, C. B. Bishop, Harry Mack, Isidore Davidson, C. A. Gardner, Maggie Mitchell, Lotta, Minnie Maldern, Mrs. W. J. Florence, Annie Pixley, Sydney Cowell, Minnie Palmer, Agnes Hallock, Irene Ackerman and Emma Grattan.

Susie Kerwin, Fay Templeton and Russell S. Glover.

Perkins D. Fisher and Walter Owen. Lucie Villa and Edna Banksom.

Milt G. Barlow, George Wilson and J. W. McAndrews.

Harriet Webb, Professor Herrmann and E. V. Skinner.

A. M. Palmer, Lester Wallack, David

Bidwell, Adam Forepaugh, John Templeton, Frank W. Sanger, S. M. Hickey, W. C. Mitchell, M. W. Hanley, Bartley Campbell, P. R. Carl, Nat Childs, John R. Rogers, J. Alex. Brown, W. H. Smith, Tony Pastor, Josh E. Ogden, Charles A. Wing, John M. Burke, P. H. Lehnen, J. C. Connor, W. H. Strickland, Sam B. Villa, Nick Norton, D. L. Hughes, Fred Bryton, Joseph J. Levy, Kit Clarke, L. E. Weed, Frank Williams, C. H. Smith, J. Tannenbaum, S. Draper, Harry D. Grahame and Dan'l Shelby.

## Letters to the Editor.

MR. GERRY PROTESTS.

THE NEW YORK SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.

NEW YORK, August 7.

EDITOR NEW YORK MIRROR:

DEAR SIR:—I do not object to legitimate criticism by the leading theatrical paper in this city. But permit me to correct certain errors in your last issue, entitled "Mr. Gerry's Defeat."

First. So far from the Society having sustained a defeat in opposing the exhibition of the very small children in juvenile opera, the Mayor sustained its objection to nine of them, the facts in their several cases showing that they were of tender age or in too delicate health. The *World* of yesterday states that two of the children thus excluded are quite sick—thus sustaining the propriety of the objection and the wisdom of the decision. And as to the remaining children the Mayor said: "I am particularly loth to consent to the employment of children under the age of fourteen in such performances; but under the peculiar circumstances of this particular case, as they have been made to appear to me upon the hearing, and which I regard as exceptional, I believe it not improper that permission should be granted for the employment of the children above named, some of whom are under that age, subject to reversion by me in the event of its being shown to me at any time that the children suffer any harm or injury from their employment as aforesaid." I am at a loss to see where the Society has sustained any defeat in the matter.

Second. You are probably not aware that the Society appealed in the Gilmore case from the decision of the General Term, and that the Court of Appeals unanimously reversed the General Term in its imposition of costs on the Society for doing its duty. Gilmore was prosecuted for contempt of the Supreme Court in obstructing its warrant. The Court of Appeals said: "It is not for this Court to vindicate the authority or dignity of the Supreme Court against an alleged contempt which it ignores or does not find, and the present appellant [the Society] has no interest in the matter." So that, if the General Term is to be regarded as having "snubbed" this Society, as you term it, it must be equally true that the Court of Appeals "snubbed" the General Term for attempting to punish this Society for doing its duty. And as the Court of Appeals is the highest judicial tribunal in this State, its decision, and not that of the General Term, is controlling.

Now a word explanatory of the action of the Society in these juvenile opera cases. It has no prejudices and institutes no crusade against the theatrical or operatic profession; many of the members of which are conspicuous for their charity and benevolence. But it does interfere where in any profession or business the law permits its interference to protect children from physical injury and ruin. In these juvenile opera troupes the children are not trained for any legitimate operatic or theatrical business. The training for the latter exacts more talent and study. Juvenile opera children learn only the few operas performed by the troupe, acquire but a dim knowledge of music and stage business, and their voices are almost inevitably cracked and ruined at an early day. What else is the matter with the voice of pretty little Jennie Dunn, who plays *Patience* in the present exhibition, but whose familiarity with juvenile opera dates several years past? You cannot point to a single case where a graduate from one of these troupes has ever attained any subsequent professional eminence. What has become of Phenix Andrews of the Aquarium Pinafore Troupe? Where are Gracie Koch, Tissie Baccarini, Mabel Cole, Jessie and Mamie Hanly, Fannie McCullough and Sarah Hovey of the old Haverly Juvenile Opera? Possibly some of our officers may throw some light on the subject. Then what becomes of the troupe when it is disbanded? The only market for such "talent" is to be found in the low concert saloons and dime museums. Take the case of "Baby Belle Goodman" (said now to be dead). She performed at Wallack's (old) Theatre Pinafore Juvenile Opera in 1878 or 1879, and about six months after was rescued by the officers of this Society out of one of the lowest dens in this city, late at night, performing before an audience of the most depraved class, in an atmosphere reeking with the fumes of liquor and tobacco. Then again is the case of Phoenix Andrews of the Aquarium Pinafore Troupe? Where are Gracie Koch, Tissie Baccarini, Mabel Cole, Jessie and Mamie Hanly, Fannie McCullough and Sarah Hovey of the old Haverly Juvenile Opera? Possibly some of our officers may throw some light on the subject. Then what becomes of the troupe when it is disbanded? The only market for such "talent" is to be found in the low concert saloons and dime museums. Take the case of "Baby Belle Goodman" (said now to be dead). She performed at Wallack's (old) Theatre Pinafore Juvenile Opera in 1878 or 1879, and about six months after was rescued by the officers of this Society out of one of the lowest dens in this city, late at night, performing before an audience of the most depraved class, in an atmosphere reeking with the fumes of liquor and tobacco. Then again is the case of Phoenix Andrews of the Aquarium Pinafore Troupe? 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## "Kleine."

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH, IN THREE BARKS, BY SIDNEY COWELL.



## BARK THE FIRST.

Some time ago my dear mistress was very much entertained by a perusal of Ouida's celebrated novel, "Puck," and it has lately occurred to her that the adventures of a dog still more intimately connected with theatrical life than was that famous quadruped would prove of considerable interest to the world in general and the profession in particular.

She consulted me on the subject, and I consented to give the public a recital of my experiences, which have been somewhat varied and occasionally sensational.

In the first place, then, allow me to introduce myself, Kleine Cowell, and my distinguished family to your favorable notice. My noble father, Gypsy Lewis, was of Scotch extraction, and was much admired for his talent, originality, and amiable disposition. Unfortunately, his moral character was open to grave suspicion, and under the influence of the softer sex his conduct became, to say the least, erratic and unreliable.

On sundry occasions he would disappear for several days together, to the intense grief and anxiety of his best friends; but would eventually return, conscious guilt depicted on his expressive countenance. Finally, however, he disappeared in earnest, and whether he be now lolling in the lap of luxury or gnawing the dry bone of poverty, is alike a mystery to his poor, deserted child.

My mother, Miss Fly Barrymore, was a celebrated beauty. She was a pure Skye, with lovely silver-gray hair, graceful figure, and of irreproachable character. Her disposition was timid and retiring, even sad and sentimental; nor is this to be wondered at when we consider that both her master and mistress belonged to the serious side of the drama, whereas my father, Gypsy, was the property of a celebrated comedian, from whom he doubtless inherited his "vis comica" and humorous and eccentric turn of mind.

My dear mother, I grieve to state, departed this life within two years of my birth, deeply lamented by all who knew her. It has been hinted that her decease was hastened by the discovery of my father's numerous infidelities. On this painful and delicate subject, it is my duty as a daughter, to draw the veil of oblivion.

It was during the month of March, 1877, that my mamma presented her liege lord with four charming little daughters, three of whom have since become celebrated. One, conspicuous for her beauty, was adopted by Mr. W. H. Crane, and that her lot is a happy one the following extract from one of that gentleman's letters to a friend will testify: "Fly has the felicity of living with my mother and sisters, and I may say she has the 'softest thing' known to dogs. She simply 'runs the house,' is alive and well, and is the prettiest creature you ever saw."

The second belongs to Mr. Frank Hardenberg, and when last heard from was passing her life in retirement on that gentleman's farm at Cos Cob. She is justly famous for her exploits in the hunting field—vulgarily speaking, she is a splendid ratter.

One other sister became the property of Miss Marie Chester; but to this departed one we who are left never refer. Her disposition was terrible; her well-earned appellation "The Devil." I shudder to think what fate might have been had she been spared; but Providence, ever wise in its dispensations, early removed her from temptation and sin, and the family escutcheon remains unstained.

And now for my own portrait. In appearance, I resemble rather my father than my sainted mother. I am a decided blonde, inclined to embonpoint, and own a pair of large dark eyes, with which, I must confess, I have done great damage among the young terriers of my acquaintance. I married early in life; but alas! speedily became a widow with three small children on my paws. The fate of my offspring was tragic. My youngest darling was deliberately starved to death by her brother and sister; my daughter Jimpa died in a fit; while my noble boy, my only son, Tiny, fell into a fish pond, and so perished. Widowed and childless, I resolved to abandon a life of retirement, and from that hour have devoted myself to the stage, in the sweet hope that I may, by my example and precepts, advance the moral tone and general progress of the drama.

It was stipulated positively between my mistress and myself that I was to reside permanently in New York; but circumstances compelled her to recall her promise, and in consequence I have become a traveler of considerable experience. This I cannot regret, although at times my hard-

ships have been terrible; but I have gained so much knowledge of the world, and have widened so liberally in my views on "men and things," that I cannot regret the fate I should certainly not have adopted from choice.

The first few years of my life, however, were spent very happily. The dressing-room and green-room of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, under Daly's management, and those of the Union Square, Park and Madison Square Theatres, have all been gladly open to me; and what delightful conversations can I not recall! What charming and talented faces have I not beheld! Is it any wonder that I am proud of my family and of my early associates? Was ever animal more fully entitled to the appellation of "lucky dog?" Well, after several metropolitan wanderings, we drifted into that cosy little jewel of a theatre, the Madison Square; and I must say I look upon that season of '80-'81 as a period of the greatest happiness and comfort my mistress and I have ever known. Our residence was charming, our work bright and agreeable, and we had many dear friends, both in and out of the theatre. Would that that happy time could have endured forever; but alas! a solemn moment approaches, and my pen must dip in deeper ink to depict what is now to come.

One evening my mistress returned to the dressing-room, at the conclusion of the first act, with a melancholy expression upon her usually cheerful countenance. "What's the matter?" I asked, with an anxious and inquiring wag of my tail. "Kleine, my dear," she replied, "I'm very much afraid I shall soon have to leave New York—the nice theatre, home, friends, everything—to go to California and Colorado, and—and—and here the poor thing broke down altogether. I did my best to console her; but in vain.

I shall have to leave you behind me, Kleine," she said. Of course this was out of the question, and I decided the matter by jumping on her knee and putting my paws on her shoulders. "Your are right, dear," she declared; "whatever trials are before us, we can bear them better together than apart. As May Edwards says: 'We will go together!'" And go we did, alas! on the 14th of May, 1881—and our further adventures will contain startling particulars, to be devoted to another chapter.

## BARK THE SECOND.

After an uneventful but not unpleasant journey, we arrived safely in Chicago, where we joined Mr. Coulcock, Miss Ellsler and others of the original Hazel Kirke company. Here occurred the first humiliating episode of my life. The principal members of the company were stopping at the Palmer House, whither we repaired to meet them; but no! they would not admit my mistress if I were to accompany her! "We would gladly accommodate Miss Cowell," said the clerk to our manager; "but we will not take her dog for less than one hundred and fifty dollars a day!" "Not a penny more than one hundred and forty-five," returned my mistress, with great dignity and firmness, and so we went to the Sherman House, where they received us (metaphorically speaking) with open arms. Let me recommend this charming hotel to all my Western bound friends. It is quite as comfortable as any other in Chicago, and they will find more politeness and attention there than elsewhere. I was treated royally.

I noticed about this time a heavy cloud upon my mistress' spirits. She seemed to feel keenly the separation from all her friends, and the depression appeared to grow upon her from day to day. Being an animal of great reflective powers, it occurred to me that if I were myself to adopt the stage as a profession it might lighten her labors and add considerably to her income. After several days of deliberation, I carried my design into execution, selecting, as an appropriate moment for my debut, the affecting scene between Dunstan Kirke and Hazel in the fourth act. It was a thrilling moment, and the crowded house was hushed to breathless silence, when I gracefully appeared upon the stage, and I must honestly admit my reception was most pleasing—gratifying in the highest degree. Judge, then, of my intense grief and mortification when I found myself immediately led from the stage by my mistress herself! Words cannot do justice to my feelings. Of course, her only motive could have been professional jealousy, from which unworthy feeling I had previously considered her singularly free. I have forgiven her unkindness long ago; but forgot the insult—never! Since then I have always accompanied her to the scene of her nightly labors; but the exclusion of the dressing-room is all I ask. Never again will I display to the gay world those brilliant powers that my throbbing heart tells me I possess in so liberal a degree.

Did any of my readers hear of the so-called "enjoyable" trip to California last Summer? Enjoyable, indeed! The very thought of it freezes the blood in my veins! My troubles commenced at Omaha, where the Demon Conductor detected me beneath the folds of my mistress' shawl. "That dog's got to be put in the baggage-car," growled the Fiend. In vain my mistress begged, entreated, implored; alternately coaxing, arguing, bribing—even resorting to the final feminine expedient of tears. The Demon Conductor was inflexible, and I was borne, a most unwilling victim, to my dungeon cell. Thither my poor mistress followed me to see that all my creature comforts were attended to as far as pos-

sible. After considerable search an old sack was discovered, which was to serve as a couch, on which she spread her shawl—even a superfluous skirt. Then, with great sorrow and lamentation on both sides, we parted, and I am proud to state that I howled vigorously during the entire night, driving sleep from the eyes of the Baggage Fiend and his myrmidons, and, I fondly trust, disturbing the balmy slumbers of the Demon Conductor himself. Early next morning the train stopped for a few minutes at some little out-of-the-way station. I watched my opportunity, snatched the light cord that bound me, and slipped through the door, carelessly left open. Mr. Cahill enjoying a cigar in the cool morning air, discovered me scratching at the entrance to the sleeper wherein lay my mistress. The next moment he had me in his arms; in another I was thrust between the curtains of her section, and then, indeed, we might both have sung with Moore, "Oh, doth not a meeting like this make amends?"

Reader, will you believe it? even after this terrible experience I was again torn from my dear friend's arms and returned to durance vile.

Frequently during the day my mistress would spend an hour in the baggage-car, seated on an old barrel, with me (very happy and contented for the time being) on her knee. She struck up quite an acquaintance with the Baggage Fiend, and he entertained her with thrilling stories of other dogs that had travelled "on that theer very road." This was one of his cheerful anecdotes:

"There were a lady once, marm," he said, "a reg'lar out-an' outer, and had a little dawg, littler than yours, marm, that she were awful sot on. She just cried an' cried an' begged an' begged to be 'lowed to keep her pet with her; but t'werent no manner o' use. The laws o' this here company is strict, an' at last she see it an' become reasonable. She up an' takes off her vallyable camel's-hair shawl, an' she makes a bed for Fidele on the top o' a great big trunk, so's the rattle o' the wheels won't disturb or frighten him. Then she takes him in her arms an' she kisses him fifty times, an' 'Good night, Fidele!' she says, 'Sleep well, Fidele, an' she kind o' tears herself away. I step in the car that night, an' for a long time the little beast's howls was orful; but suddenly he seemed to sorta quiet down, for which I were thankful, an' I dropped off to sleep; but in the mornin'—O Lord!—well, marm, Fidele had jumped from the top o' the trunk where he were tied, an' the rope it were kinder short, an' theer he hung, poor feller, stiff an' cold like the wickedest old malefactor. That theer fine lady she had high strikes when she heerd the news; but we kinder softened it fur her, an' we told her as how her dawg died in a fit.

"Then there were a young couple once, as hated to part with their little black an'tan, Gypsy, and they sat right here, where you're a sittin' now, marm, a talkin', lovin'-like, fust to one another, an' then to the dawg, till night comes on, soft an' beautiful—an' be lieve me, marm, night never seems to me so good, an' like the Bible, somehow, as on these here lonely plains. Well, darkness was a stealin' over the peraries when the young feller he says: 'Emma, my dear,' he says, 'you get you to bed, an' I'll sit up with Gyp.' 'Wat?' she up an' says, 'an' leave you here alone? Certinly not; go to bed yourself, my dear; I don't mind sittin' up with Gypsy.' Then they begins a squabblin' as to who shall go to bed comfortable, an' who shan't, an' will you believe it, marm? them two young fools concluded to sit up all night together, so's not to leave the dawg. I woke up in the night an' seed a pretty pictur, for the moonlight were creepin' in an' lit up the features o' that young feller, with his pretty young wife asleep by his side, her head on his shoulder, an' little Gypsy a snoodled on her gowt at their feet.

"But the sorrowfullest thing as ever I seed in all my born days was all about the homeliest poodle as ever lived. It belonged to a poor little old lady, an' when the conductor at Omaha told her as how it must be took from her, she commenced a tremblin' an' a cryin', an' 'Oh, good gentlemen all,' she says, 'I am all alone in this world, and Teddy was my dead son's dawg—my only son, gentlemen—an' he is dead, an' he loved that dawg, homely as he is; and Teddy is all I have to mind me of him now. Oh, please, gentlemen, don't—don't take him from me.' Well, we was all terribly affected; but the laws o' this here company is strict, an' Teddy was brought here as usual. The old lady sat by him for hours (just as you're sittin' now, marm); I do believe she would have spent the night here; but she was old an' feeble, an' we persuaded her to go an' take a goo' night's rest, which she did, leavin' Teddy very comfortable, as she thought; not howlin', but just givin' a sort o' shiverin' sigh now an' then, as you may have heard from dawgs. Well, marm, Teddy slept well—so well that he never woke again; for a big trunk it just fell and smashed him a lyin' beside it, an' that was the end o' poor Teddy. Never will I forget the anguish o' that poor little old lady as she gazed on the crushed form o' the little brute. 'We are very sorry, indeed, madam,' says the conductor, very civil and respectful; 'the company will provide any compensation you think adequate for the loss of the animal.'

"Compensation?" says the little old lady; 'an' believe me, marm, there was dignity as well as grief in the tone of her voice: 'there is not money enough in all this company to pay me for the loss o' my dead son's dawg!'"

These were the sort of stories with which my friend, the baggage-man, entertained my mistress, and they made her both sad and thoughtful, and her thoughts shaped themselves into this form. If it be necessary (and she does not dispute it) that there should be separate accommodation for dogs and their masters, why should not better and safer quarters be provided for the former? Imagine a little creature, accustomed to every luxury, suddenly placed in a miserable den, terrified by the presence of strangers, and provided with less comfort than is afforded to the cattle themselves. Surely there should be some distinction made between dogs as between human beings, and in the name of all the canine pups in America I appeal against the existing state of things. The fees of the baggage-men are exorbitant; then, in common decency, the safety and well-being of their charges should be better looked after.

This is pure unselfishness on my part, for my mistress assures me I shall never, under any circumstances, go to California again; but if my remonstrance brings about any amelioration in the condition of my travelling friends, my bark will not have been raised in vain.

## BARK THE THIRD.



Beautiful San Francisco! What a happy time I spent there! The only drawback to my enjoyment was that my mistress frequently left me alone for hours while she was away with a party of friends riding on horseback—a habit of which I entirely disapprove.

That reminds me of the first adventure we had on leaving 'Frisco. We were playing in Leadville, and had planned an excursion to Twin Lakes, an exquisite spot eighteen miles from the city. The ladies (myself included, of course) had an open carriage; the gentlemen were all in the saddle. About half way on our road we came to a halt, to water the horses, and partake of some refreshments ourselves, for the day was hot and dusty.

Mr. Charles Bowser was mounted on a gigantic animal, from whose back he smiled down upon us gaily, and inquired of my mistress if she would not gladly be in his place? "Indeed I would," she returned; "but I have no habit on, and how could I keep my seat on a gentleman's saddle?" "Try and see," cried the gallant Bowser; and in another moment she was on the horse's back and Mr. B. in the carriage, making himself agreeable to the rest of us. But his fascinations were lost upon me, for when I saw the form of my mistress disappear in the distance I "lifted up my voice and wept"—I may even say I howled—until our carriage stopped before the cosy little hotel at Twin Lakes, where we found the equestrians arrived long before us, and my mistress none the worse for her nine-mile gallop, but white with dust and red from the kisses of the burning sun. A beautiful fountain played before the porch, and, with no persuasion whatever, I took a tremendous header, emerging—like the child in The Stranger—"not drowned but very wet."

The rest of that happy day will ever live in my memory as the incarnation of calm enjoyment, and as my mistress did not repeat her circus act on our way home, we enjoyed our drive immensely.

It was at Eureka, Colorado, that I met the only dog I ever truly loved. (For my unfortunate marriage, to which I have already referred, was not of my own selection.) This young gentleman was christened Romeo by my mistress, on account of his devotion and romantic ways. He was my shadow during our residence in that arsenical city; followed me to and from the theatre and during all our walks abroad, and although, believe me, I never gave him the slightest encouragement, he evidently adored me, and would sit beneath my window all night long, whining by way of a serenade. He was very handsome, and came of a good family, but my mistress, with some selfish or envious motive of her own, withheld her consent to the nuptials, and I am still, alas! a lonely widow, with my chances of a good establishment in life narrowing day by day. I parted with my admirer with considerable regret, as any lady would do in such a case, and on the very day following our separation nearly lost my life under the following terrifying circumstances.

It was at Palisades, a wild, romantic spot in the Weber Canyon, where the entire company was delayed for six or seven hours. Some hired a room in the little house that did duty as a hotel; some took a dip in the Humboldt river; while others tried a little fishing. My mistress was among the latter, her escort being my good friend Mr. Roberts, the stage manager. After strolling along the picturesque banks of the sluggish stream, they at length found a comfortable seat beneath the drooping branches of a willow, and were endeavoring to persuade themselves that they might, after many many years, eventually catch a fish, when my mistress was startled by hearing me bark vigorously. Turning, she beheld an immense rattlesnake gliding its sinuous form towards me, while I presented a bold front to the reptile, half inclined to tackle it on my own account. The next moment would probably have been my last; but she lifted a large rock and hurled it at the snake. Luckily the aim was a true one, the stone breaking his back. Then up came Mr. Roberts to the rescue, and after fifty rocks or so had been fired at my opponent he finally consented to give up the ghost. He was a splendid specimen and was two yards long. If you don't believe me, ask my mistress, and she will show you his rattles, which she keeps as a trophy.

Do not think we had escaped the persecution of the Demon Conductor and the Baggage Fiend. They pursued us with relentless malignity, even telegraphing ahead to one another: "Look out! There is a dog in the Hazel Kirke party." I might have been a scorpion, judging by the way I was hunted down. My poor mistress, having exhausted her tears, grew weary of the constant and unreasonable demands on her pocketbook. So one day she adopted a plan suggested by that clever woman La Duchesse, and had recourse to strategy. Robed in one of her own white skirts, with a baby's cloak and hood, and with a thick veil to protect my eyes from the sun, I really appeared like a very fine child, except that my refractory stump of a tail stuck out rather rebelliously in the back, and that my bonnet, being several sizes too large for my head, was apt to present a rather limp and battered appearance. However, born actress as I am, I played my part to perfection. There were several two-legged babies in the car, screaming lustily, and I appeal to the entire company if my behavior did not compare favorably with theirs. One old lady remarked: "I must say, ma'am, yours is the quietest and best behaved child I ever saw travelling;" while the members of the company as to the state of "It's little gums, dear," and "Did it have its soothing syrup?" were touching in the extreme.

The experiment, although entirely successful, was not repeated. My mistress found me altogether too heavy a charge, not to mention the stigma my appearance cast upon her reputation; but for once, at least, she had the satisfaction of baffling the myrmidons of the law. Dear me, I begin to think you have had about enough of my experiences. I could pursue them still further; but I think your patience has been sufficiently tried. Old age is creeping on; I am six years old next birthday and getting, I fear, a little garrulous. Good bye is a hateful word; but, as some one says, "life is made up of sick," and it must be said. Let me hope I have told you enough to impress you with a favorable idea of me before we part; for, indeed, generally speaking, I am a great favorite in dramatic and social circles.

A perfect understanding exists between my mistress and myself. I may say truly I am under no personal obligation to her; for if she provides me with food and shelter, and devotes considerable time to my care and comfort, in return I present her with my company, my love, even my sympathy. Many a lonely hour have I brightened, many a sad thought chased away by my cunning tricks and evident devotion.

Once I heard a gentleman offer to present my mistress with a handsome pup for a pet. "And what would I do with Kleine?" asked she. "Shoot her!" replied that hard-hearted person. "Shoot her! Not for all the pugs in the world," said my mistress. "Leave the dog at home," growled another amiable friend; "you'll get the name of being an old maid, first thing you know." But even this terrible threat has not been able to separate those for whom there is but one separation possible—"The great Twelve O'clock that must come!"

## To the "Jersey Lily."

If all God's world a garden were,  
And women were sweet flowers;  
If men were bees that busied there  
Through all the summer hours;  
If you were there, and half as fair,  
Fair Lily, pure and white and tall,  
Sweet lily of sweet lilies all,  
Oh, I would hum God's garden through  
For honey, till I came to you.

—JOAQUIN MILLER.

For your credit as an artist pray don't hold a conversation of more than five minutes with any man who does not introduce the word "money" in his discourse. Do not walk a block without using profane language, or you may be arrested as one who has no right to be abroad. If you would get your name into the newspapers do not score a triumph on the mimic stage, but leave your diamonds in a Broadway bus to be picked up by your manager.

**"Judge Us Alike."**

BY FLORENCE REVERE PENDAR.



I am in the habit of dropping quite frequently into a French restaurant on the corner of B. and W. streets. Partly because I am an artist, and sometimes pick up a study by so doing, and partly because this quaint little cabaret recalls to me many a happy hour spent in Paris, when I was young and dreamt of the fame that was one day to be mine. I dream less now and work harder; well, no, perhaps not harder, but with fewer holidays in between.

One evening, as I was in the act of putting my fork into a *soufflé de boeuf aux champignons*, a man and woman entered and seated themselves at the table next to mine. The man's hat, a slouch one, was drawn down over his eyes so that only the lower half of his face was visible, and that was covered with a tawny beard. The hand, however, that rested upon the back of his chair was as white and soft as a woman's, and his broad cloth was of the finest. A contrast to the woman, whose cheap, bedraggled finery was worn with a reckless air, and whose handsome face bore only too plainly evidence of her life's vocation. Her eyes alone seemed to retain all their youthful brilliancy. There was something of scorn in their dark depths as she bent them for an instant upon the man; but it died out almost as quickly as it came. It was she who gave the order to Antoine for two glasses of brandy, and in singularly good French, too.

They sat some fifteen or twenty minutes. The woman appeared to be urging something, by what I could learn from a word or two that floated to me, as she raised her voice somewhat angrily at times, at which the man looked nervously around to see if any one noticed; but the air was becoming blue with cigarette smoke and a band of itinerant musicians at a neighboring table had just struck up a popular opera air to which two swarthy Italians lent their still finer voices, although they had long since passed the boundary line of youth.

Shortly after the man went out, leaving the woman at the table. Calling for more brandy she drained the glass; then pulling her shawl about her, she, too, left the cabaret. Impelled by I know not what—curiosity, if you will, I followed her.

As I left Bohemia behind, the clinking of glasses and loud bravuras fell upon my ear. Running quickly down the rickety wooden stairs, I looked up the street. The woman was walking rapidly along a few yards ahead. She was alone. Steadily she kept on her way until we reached the Bowery, into which she turned, then after a few blocks entered a narrow street leading therefrom. Here pushing open the door of a dark-looking tenement house she passed in. I waited a moment, then followed. As I did so I caught a glimpse of her dress as she ascended the stairs. Up we went until we reached the third floor, where she entered a room, whilst I fell back in the shadow.

I had gone so far with hardly a thought of what it would lead to, and now I was undecided how to act. I am not a model man, in fact am rather an apt pupil of his satanic majesty; but my motive in following this woman had no evil in it, I can honestly aver. I knew that I was interested in her—why, I could hardly have told. The door was ajar and I heard a woman's voice say:

"Well, did he give you anything?"

A scornful laugh was the reply as the clink of money thrown upon a table reached my ear.

"Five dollars; that's better than nothin', anyhow; it will help to buy the poor girl; but he might have come and seen her. D-d you tell him her last words, Jenny?"

"Tell him, yes—bah! what do you suppose he cares for them. He was married a month ago. I saw the wedding. The bride sold herself for his gold, they said, and Alie there gave her life for his love. Love! The devil curse him and all his kin. Passionate contempt and scorn were in the woman Jenny's tones. A moment after she spoke again; but so changed was her voice I scarcely recognized it, as she said:

"How the little one?"

"About the same. I don't like the look of her, she won't outlast the mother long, I'm a thinking," came the answer.

"Poor little mite, give her to me, Mrs. Lee," she said, as a baby uttered a feeble wail.

Now, in knocking about the world I had picked up some knowledge of medicine, which had served me a good turn many a time. Why not, I thought, put it in use now. To think was to act with me, and the next moment saw me in the room gravely feeling the child's pulse.

As I briefly stated that I was something of a doctor, the woman I had followed gave me one sharp look, then silently held out the clings to us until the end. Good and kind as

baby. Such a little fragile mite. Its days were numbered I saw at a glance. Tearing a leaf from my note book, I prescribed a few simple remedies just to ease the child's death, and handed the paper to the older woman, with the request to get the medicine at once, putting a dollar into her hand as I did so. Hastily wrapping a shawl about her head she went on her errand.

"The mother of the child is dead, is she not?" I asked the woman I had heard called Jenny.

"Yes; died yesterday." Then quickly, almost fiercely, she added:

"Would you like to see her?" Without waiting for my reply, she lifted the candle from the table, and bade me follow her into the adjoining room. Setting the candle down, she drew back the sheet from off the face of the dead. Such a young, fair face, scarcely more than a child herself, yet a mother. Poor girl, I thought, thy wrongs are at last healed in sleep. There was a suspicious moisture about my eyes as I turned away, saying:

"If there is anything I can do, do not hesitate to call upon me. I—"

Passionately turning upon me, the woman, pointing toward the bed, answered:

"Can you give back that child her innocence? Can you punish the man who deceived her? Can you make me anything else but the thing of shame I am?" Then, softening her voice somewhat, she continued with—

"You mean to be kind. I can see that. You have treated me as you would treat an honest woman. If the thanks of such as I are worth anything, they are yours"—she stopped abruptly. The woman had returned with the medicine. Promising to call in the next day I left them.

Looking back, I saw the woman Jenny holding the babe upon her breast, all that was good and womanly stirred within her at the sight of this helpless little one. Poor Jenny! Perhaps if she had only had a chance, she might have been a faithful wife and mother.

The day after, when I came, the babe lay dead within its young mother's arms. The woman who had purchased the medicine was there alone. She was more communicative than Jenny, and I learned from her that Allie, the girl who had died at her child's birth, had only been known to Jenny about six months; but in order to procure her food and medicine, Jenny had pawned almost everything she had and had nursed and cared for the girl like a mother. Even had sought out the father of Allie's child and begged him to do something for the girl he had wronged; but he had refused. Only at her death had he been willing to give something towards burying her. I knew then that he was the man I had seen with Jenny at the cabaret.

Weeks and months went by and I heard and saw no more of Jenny. I was very busy upon a picture that I hoped would win me fame and put a handsome sum of money into my pockets. There was one hitch about it. None of my models exactly suited me for the principal figure. I was turning this over in my mind as I sauntered along Second avenue, when a woman standing on the curbstone attracted my attention by something familiar about her. As I drew nearer I saw it was Jenny. Going up to her, I said:

"Well, Jenny, how are you? You are just the woman I wanted to see, for you can do me a great favor if you have a mind to." She smiled slightly, replying:

"Can I? What is it? I owe you something for the kind words you have always given me and for what you did for poor Allie; and you not a rich man, either."

The moment my eyes fell upon Jenny I knew she was just the one I wanted for the figure in my picture. Why had I not thought of her before? So there and then it was arranged that Jenny should come for her first sitting the next morning.

Day after day found Jenny at my studio patiently obeying my orders, till at length the picture stood complete, all but the few last finishing touches.

"Jenny," I said, "what do you think of it?" For a moment she stood almost motionless; then lifting her eyes, wet with unvoiced tears, she answered:

"Mr. Hartley, if I had only had such a chance I might have been a better woman. I understand your picture. May it speak to others as it speaks to me. You have been very kind to me, treating me as I have not been treated for years, like an honest woman, not as, well—I was innocent once; but it's the old, old story. I loved and was deceived. My mother died at my birth, my father was a drunkard. I grew up in the streets as best I could. The man for the love of whom I battered my soul, wearied of me after a while, and so, little by little, I came to go on the town. He is rich, married, society courts him in every way. Whilst I—my God! is this just? Is his sin less than mine? Why should he be welcomed with open arms, whilst I am looked upon as a thing of shame? Women who have never known temptation, who have been guarded from their birth, draw their skirts aside and pose me by with disdain. Perhaps if they were tried they might prove a weak. I have had kind words from men; but never one from an honest woman's lips. They say repeat and lead a different life. It is easy to talk. If we do repeat will they take us into their homes? Will they forgive our sin? No; the brand is upon us still, and

you are, you would bid your wife and daughters shun me. Well, I don't blame you; but let the man be punished as the woman. Let his sin be looked upon as hers. Judge us both alike. When the world does this wrong such as I will cease to exist."

As the woman's passionate words fell upon my ears a feeling of shame arose within me for my own sex. She was right. Justice was one-sided in this matter, and there seemed as if there ought to be, should be, a way made to right it.

"I am sorry, Jenny," I said.

"Sorry! All the sorrow in the world cannot help me now; but for the sake of any kind feeling you may have for me, hold out a helping hand to the fallen, teach your children, ably your children, that a kind word to one of these from their innocent lips may save them from worse, may even redeem them."

I had been fumbling with a bill. I now held it out to her; but with a shake of her head she put it from her, saying:

"No, Mr. Hartley, it has been a pleasure for me to do this for you, and when your picture is declared a success I shall be proud to think I helped in my small way thereto." Then holding out her hand she continued, white her voice faltered slightly;

"Will you—will you shake hands with me before I go?"

"Why not, Jenny?" I answered, as I complied with her request. With a swift motion she raised my hand to her lips, then darted from the room.

When next we met those grateful lips were cold and stiff in death—"Found Drowned" it read in the papers. Poor Jenny, justice thou hast received at last! God is more merciful than man.

My picture—it is only the exterior of a rustic cottage, at the end of a country lane. A young woman with flaxen hair, babe in arms stands at the open door, awaiting her husband, who with his little son astride his shoulders is coming up the path. Across the hedge, hidden from their view by a large tree, is a woman; her dress is soiled and ragged and the red handkerchief has fallen partly from her head. The hard lines about the mouth are softened, and a deep, passionate yearning is in her dark eyes, as she watches the young couple.

"If I had Only had Such a Chance," I called it. It brought me some considerable fame but I did not sell it, although I was offered a large sum. It hangs in my home now and my sons and daughters know its story almost as well as I.

**An Ode to My Cigar.**

O balmy weed, thou Ariel of my dreams, Comfort and solace of my wandering life, In thy blue clouds Imagination seems With forms of more than earthly beauty rife

The love the miser bears his hoarded gold, Beside my love for the dull and cold.

Thy undulating wreaths sail lightly round, And like the soft mists in the morning air,

Gently up into the blue profound, To lose themselves among the bright things here.

So gay young dreams of love float through the mind,

Till truth disperse them to the wandering wind.

Thy gentle radiance gleams beneath my nose,

Sendig a halo of sweet odors up

That smooths the aspect of all coming woes,

And tints with pleasure life's most saddened cup.

Thou art my comfort, my exceeding joy,

My only pastime that knows no alloy.

When evening folds fair earth in her embrace,

And wraps her mantle round the sleepy day,

I wheel my chair to some sequestered place,

Subdue my thoughts, renew the lamp's dim ray—

Place thee, sweet friend, between my lips to burn,

And let gay Fancy to her gambols turn.

Gently and soft the flamy clouds ascend,

While perfume flits upon the buoyant air;

My thoughts take form, and seem, like Love's, to bend

In heavenly light and beauty o'er me there;

Ethereal fancies dance along the ceiling,

Till all my senses with the scene are reeling.

—KIT CLARKE

—Far up and far down town are two treasurers whose implacable good humor and unremitting kindness have endeared them to the patrons of their divers managements. One is Sam Grau, at the Bijou; the other—why could the other be but C. C. Reeve, at Niblo's? Even in midsummer we cannot forget them.

**A Daughter of the Nile.**

DRAWN BY LAURA DON.



"Bartley, we blush for you! We are ashamed of you."

"Well," said the American dramatist, uncoiling his lengthy limbs, "it doesn't seem as hard to me now as it did a few moments ago; but I tell you it was a crusher at the time."

"You must have been a mere boy."

"I was—I was," shouted Bartley, eagerly seizing upon this straw of an excuse as soon as it was offered to him.

"A boy! Why, he must have been an infant—a baby in arms!"

"If he had had a decent nurse she could have picked up double the money in half the time."

"Three hundred and sixty dollars in six hours—it is preposterous!"

Bartley writhed in his chair, and glared hopelessly from one to the other of his tormentors. His lips twitched; his blue eyes danced; he gave vent to one of those laughs which are often mistaken by anxious Jersey mariners off the rock bound coast of Staten Island for the signals of the fog-whistle.

"Well," he said, "the sum seems to appear to you very insignificant, and the time very long. I didn't know that I was dining with a party of millionaires. How's Billy Vanderbilt? When did you see your friend Johnny Astor last?"

"No levity, Bartley, as you remarked at St. Louis, when you initiated me into the L. O. H."

"You are perfectly well aware that we are not millionaires; but still, a little sum like that to men who have run a theatre and owned a paper!"

"I wonder how he would have felt at noon on Saturday, with less than a hundred dollars in the treasury; the rent due; Sunday and Monday's advertising to be paid in advance, and the company clamoring for their salaries before they would go on for the matinee?"

"Or what he would have done on a Thursday, with the printer refusing to deliver the papers without the cash; nine notes falling due on the same day, and the office boy emptying the till to pay himself his own wages?"

"But, my boys, I tell you I have gone through all that," shouted Bartley, imploringly; "but it was afterwards. I had been mellowed by age and experience then, and took things as easily as you would. The subject of money was mutually tabooed. A pair of boots for the leading man—a dollar or two in ribbons for the leading lady—that was the extent of our outlay. And since we were just about sufficient to defray these extravagances, pay railway fares at reduced rates, and settle with the boarding house keepers; for we dared not venture to patronize the hotels."

"And yet he looked gloomy over \$300 and six hours!"

"That was a boyish dilemma," said poor Bartley, more and more apologetic. "My youth and inexperience must be my excuses. Of course, I didn't stop to reflect, or I should have seen at once the impropriety of wasting any consideration upon so trivial a matter."

"And yet he cast a gloom over the whole party for a little thing like that!"

"If I did," said Bartley, rousing himself, "pray forgive me and forget it! But it was a great affair for me at the time, and when my thoughts went back to it I lost myself for a moment."

"I suppose we shall have to forgive him, under the circumstances?"

There was a general shaking of heads and a muttered assent so reluctant that it was almost a vote in the negative. Bartley glanced around; then struck the table heavily with his clenched fist and shouted:

"Come on, then! You are all so clever, suppose you give me a lesson in finance! What would you have done, in a small town like Pittsburg, if you had to raise four hundred dollars and only had six hours to do it in?" And Bartley, now fairly at bay, sat, with head erect, facing the company.

"Is there a river near Pittsburg," solemnly inquired the Nestor of the party, lifting his heavy eyelids to look at Bartley and shifting his gouty foot to a convenient chair.

"There is," answered Bartley, "and I often felt like throwing myself into it."

"Then," continued the Nestor gravely, "if there were a river handy, and I had six hours in which to raise four hundred dollars—"

"Yes, yes," cried Bartley, bending eagerly forward: "that is the problem exactly."

"Well," said the Nestor, weighing his words carefully, "I should borrow a pole and go a fishing in order to fill up the spare time."

"There was a tremendous shout, in which, after the first shock of the surprise, Bartley Campbell stentorously joined. Then the voice of the American dramat

## THE NEW YORK MIRROR

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The New York Mirror has the Largest Dramatic Circulation in America.

A large amount of interesting and valuable reading matter has been crowded out of the Midsummer Number, including a number of original stories, sketches, etc. In order to publish these, and to accommodate late advertisers for whose favors we had no room in this issue, we shall print a sixteen page paper next week.

The question of remitting the charge on the excess baggage of advance agents will be discussed at the meeting of the four trunk lines comprising the railroad pool. The result of this discussion is eagerly awaited by managers who signed the permission that stir the railroad people into action.

It appears that J. M. Hill has decided to give up the editorial excursion to Chicago. Probably the growlers will find fault with this determination, too.

## Midsummer Musings.



entertainment without a single rival in the field. New York should indeed take pride in her enterprising managers, and in her theatres, which are the finest in the world.

But we must not tax our readers' patience further. Pleasant matter than our Midsummer Musings is near at hand, and we commend the good things to be found elsewhere to their immediate attention.

## Persistent Mr. Gerry.

The President of the S. P. C. C. is rapidly encroaching upon George Francis Train's hitherto unequalled fame as a writer of letters to the press. In another column of this paper will be found the very latest of Mr. Gerry's exploits in this direction. In replying to our more or less severe strictures upon the attempted interference with the performances of the Miniature Opera troupe at Wallack's, Mr. Gerry accuses us of having committed two errors; the first in characterizing the dismissal of the Society's application to the Mayor as a defeat, and the second in publishing the statement that Mr. Gerry had received a snub from the General Term of the Supreme Court when it declared Manager Gilmore guiltless of criminal contempt and rebuked the Society for its excess of zeal.

In sustaining the first accusation, Mr. Gerry says the Society was not defeated, because the Mayor refused to allow nine of the children to appear, because two of the excluded youngsters are reported to have since become quite sick, and because the Mayor said of the children who were permitted to sing: "I believe it not improper that permission should be granted for the employment of the children above named, some of whom are under that age (fourteen), subject to revocation by me in the event of its being shown to me at any time that the children suffer any harm or injury from their employment as aforesaid."

Although Mr. Gerry is at a loss to see where the Society has sustained defeat in this matter, THE MIRROR is not. To begin with, Mr. Gerry applied for an injunction to restrain the troupe from appearing at all; did he succeed? No. Mr. Gerry claims that nine children were excluded from the privilege of playing; Mr. Scanlan, their manager, says there were but five placed under the ban. None of these have fallen ill, we learn by inquiry, but they play about the wings of Wallack's every night to the intense annoyance of Miss Rachel Sanger, who can neither coax nor drive them away.

As regards the judicial snubbing of Mr. Gerry and his Society, the decision of the Court of Appeals, which our correspondent thinks was a triumph for the S. P. C. C., in reality was far from being anything of the kind. Mr. Gerry's quotation from the Court's opinion is not only insufficient, but calculated to produce a false impression. He evidently forgets the following sentence which occurs immediately before the clause he quotes: "So far as the General Term dealt with the matter of contempt, its decision is not reviewable by this Court. That Court (i. e., the General Term) has finally determined that Gilmore was not guilty of the alleged contempt." This opinion disposed finally of Mr. Gerry's charge. The reversal of the imposition of costs upon the Society was not a victory for Mr. Gerry, but a mere technical question of law, the General Term having erred in imposing costs in a criminal proceeding.

Mr. Gerry's facts and fancies are so oddly jumbled in the remainder of his letter that we will not attempt to reply to them. We know the Society is unwarrantably meddlesome; that its interferences with theatrical matters are seldom legally sustained, and that the evil it is supposed to eradicate, in other directions rankly flourishes. We can produce the opinions of many medical men which will satisfactorily settle Mr. Gerry's anxious fears for the welfare of the children engaged in the theatrical profession. If he wishes to pursue the matter further, THE MIRROR is willing to indulge the President of the S. P. C. C. to the top of his bent.

## The Musical Outlook.

The conjuncture of two great stellar luminaries is astrologically supposed to bode good or evil according to the celestial house they meet in and the heavenly aspects that surround their joining. If this be true on earth as it is in heaven, then must the union of Gye and Mapleson, the great lights of the operatic firmament, which is to occur in London under the auspices of the richest and most cultivated community in the world, give goodly promise of the harmony to come—in fact may presage a revised edition of the music of the spheres arranged for earthly use by Orpheus himself.

In future we are assured, "Discord, dire sister of the conquering powers," will be banished and harmony and love reign supreme. Goodly promises these, and if but half kept, we may feel assured that both London and New York will profit greatly. All the great artists will be available for grand opera, and the war of the roses shall typify the

flowering paths of dalliance through which our dilettanti shall meander in the coming by and bye. So much for the realm of grand opera.

In the subsidiary domain of comic opera, D'Oyly Carte promises a new production of Gilbert and Sullivan which is to outdo even Patience. Solomon, of Billee Taylor fame, is to give us a lyrical setting of Ye Ancient Legend of Lord Bateman, hitherto familiar chiefly as the refrain in Wallack's Rose-dale. Mr. McCaull has organized a permanent company for the performance of light opera, in which Lillian Russell, Lily Post, Julie de Ruyther, Laura Joyce, John Howson, Digby Bell and many others hold prominent positions. And when we announce the name of John Howson, we announce the best singing comedian on the English-speaking stage. We only regret that Augusta Roche's name is not on the roster where it should undoubtedly hold a front place.

Mr. McCaull is showing a determination to make his theatre the headquarters of comic opera, and with his excellent chorus and orchestra, such as Jesse Williams can easily organize and deftly handle, we see no reason to doubt that a season of very exquisite light musical pieces will mark the course of the Bijou Opera House.

Theodore Thomas and the Philharmonic Society, Damrosch and the Symphony and Oratorio Societies will not lag in the march of progress, and the flying squadrons of Quartette clubs, sporadic concerts and other irregulars will keep up a Merry War merrily. The meteors which will appear to dazzle our sight, such as Patti and Nilsson, have all, or nearly all, shot through our firmament already, and will, we hope, have lost little of their brilliancy in the transit. But we put our trust in our fixed stars more than in our comets for our prospects of sweet music in the time to come.

## Margaret Mather.

On Monday, August 28, Margaret Mather's debut will take place at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, in Romeo and Juliet. She will be supported by the best company Mr. J. M. Hill can procure, and the closest attention will be paid to every detail of the performance.

So much has been written about Miss Mather that there remains little to be said preliminary to her appearance in Chicago.

The press of the country has almost unanimously committed itself in her favor on the strength of her achievements at private readings, and the public's curiosity is naturally aroused to the liveliest point to see the young woman whom the wisest critics have pronounced a marvel. We have not seen her since the recital last year in this city; but if she has improved in the slightest degree upon the magnificent exhibition of her powers then given she will be the wonder of the age.

Mr. Hill has done everything within the power of a manager to place his dramatic diamond in the very best position to effect a triumph. When the feast comes the result will rest entirely with herself. Every lover of the stage who wishes to see a worthy representation of Shakespeare's heroines will rejoice if Miss Mather succeeds in performing all that is expected of her. On our third page appears a fine portrait of the lady.

## Personal.



JESSOP.—George H. Jessop, a picture of whom is printed herewith, has formed a partnership with Wm. Gill, and in future they will collaborate. Several comedies and dramas to be written by the new firm are on the stocks.

ANDERSON.—Mary Anderson is in Boston, paying a visit to a friend.

RHEA.—Among those that sailed for America last Saturday was Mlle. Rhea.

CLARKE.—It is reported that Mrs. George Clarke died recently somewhere in Louisiana.

HUNT.—Julia Hunt has arrived in town and begun rehearsals of Florinel for the road.

OWENS.—John E. Owens resumed his part of Old Rogers in Esmeralda at the Madison Square last Monday.

LELAND.—Mrs. Charles Leland, manageress of the Leland Opera House, Albany, isjourning at the Clarendon, Saratoga.

GUNTER.—Archie Gunter has been spending a few days with some friends on board a yacht which is cruising over the lower Hudson.

CURTIS.—Frank Curtis returned from Portland yesterday. He will move his family to Detroit and make his home there in future.

SALVINI.—Signor Salvinis is at his home in Florence. He goes to Paris shortly, and will sail for New York in time to open at Booth's Theatre during the last week in October.

ROBSON.—Stuart Robson spends most of his time on the water, although his handsome cottage at Cohasset is rich in those comfortable accessories which every comedian likes.

HAWLEY.—J. H. Hawley leaves for Chicago the last of the week. Good luck seems to come to the Colonel all at once—the reports from his mining speculations are very encouraging lately.

STEPHENS.—Yorke Stephens and his talented wife, Helen Leyton, who are specially engaged for Mankind, arrived in New York Tuesday morning by the new Anchor Line steamer *Furnessia*.

HEWITT.—Helen Hewitt, who has been sojourning at Saratoga, has returned to this city. She is a young and handsome juvenile actress. She informs THE MIRROR that she will probably star the ensuing season in a new play.

COLVILLE.—Samuel Colville reached the city Sunday night last. He is just in from Chicago, and report the success of his *Taken from Life* venture as something equally astonishing to himself and his most sanguine well-wishers.

ESMERALDA.—The 350th performance of Esmeralda occurs at the Madison Square October 7, when a handsome souvenir of the occasion will be given away. The piece is to be started on the road October 9, with 350 as its numerical record.

DILLON.—That lively little soubrette, Louise Dillon, of the Madison Square, having recovered her usual health, has waived the fortnight's vacation tendered her by Manager Frohman. She will stay by Esmeralda to the end of the run.

ELMORE.—Marion Elmore, who stars in *Chispa* next season, reached the city from England last Saturday. Monday afternoon she held a levee at the Hoffman House, at which time many prominent managers and actors paid their respects to the little soubrette.

HANDSOME.—Brooks and Dickson have just completed the improvements in their new offices at 44 West Twenty third street. The fittings are in natural woods, with heavy carpets on the floors, the whole making the handsomest offices of the kind in the country.

ARTHUR.—Mr. and Mrs. Lilford Arthur are among the professionals who landed from the *Furnessia* on Tuesday morning. Mr. Arthur's stay abroad has been brief. He has brought the American rights to several new pieces over. He wishes to dispose of them.

RAYMOND.—A reporter found John T. Raymond in his rooms at the West End, Long Branch, on Sunday, busily engaged in singing to his son and heir, while Mrs. Raymond was out enjoying a drive, the first she has been able to take in several weeks, having been confined to her room by illness.

CAYVAN.—Georgia Cayvan is back from her camping expedition in New Hampshire. She is much improved in health by her brief vacation, and will bring fresh energies to bear upon her work in the forthcoming production of *The Romany Rye*. She will accept only city engagements in future.

CASTLETON.—Bonnie Kate Castleton will not go

## The Usher.



In Ushering  
Mend him who can / The ladies call him, sweet.  
—LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

A letter from Mr. Booth informs me that his business at the Adelphi, while not what we should call great here, has, nevertheless, far exceeded his expectations. After the tour through the provinces he will go on the Continent, taking with him his daughter and Miss Vaux—the sister of Miss Booth's fiance—to play a few engagements in Germany and to visit again all the points of interest in the capacity of tourist. Notwithstanding the gratifying intelligence of Booth's fine business and the generous acknowledgment of his artistic position by the London critics and public, he will never play in England again. This he positively asserts. I presume his reason is simply that, having extracted from the Londoners all that they had to give him—their appreciation and admiration—he is more than content to come back to his native country to stay.

\* \* \*

By the way, Mr. Booth has notified his builder to stop work on the residence in process of erection at Newport. The plans, to be fully carried out, would necessitate an expenditure of a quarter of a million. Mr. Booth is a wealthy man, but he is not extravagant—except in the way of quiet, unostentatious charity—and he concluded that a more modest villa would be preferable. Hence the cessation of work at the place on Indian avenue.

\* \* \*

I hear that some facetious boys gave Willie Seymour a rattling send-off for Boston at the Hotel Pimlico, opposite the Madison Square, on Saturday night, that occasion being his farewell as stage manager of Mr. Mallory's theatre. Inquiry of the people in the executive offices elicited the solemn statement that the jamboree was celebrated simply with wit, wind and water; but the proprietor of the Pimlico looks mysterious, slaps his cash pocket, points to a long row of empty Mumms and smiles serenely when the affair is alluded to. There's more matter in't than Marshall Mallory thinks for, Horatio, and pray don't forget it.

\* \* \*

I have seen various ingenious devices for ladies to surreptitiously smuggle liquid refreshments into the theatre and imbibe the same without being found out during a performance. Nothing but a pungent odor of "rum, rum, Jamaica rum," would have suggested to my mind the possibility of an opera glass, held close to her mouth by an old lady who sat next me in the stalls one night last Winter, being used for any other than the legitimate purpose of such an instrument, and on another occasion I should certainly have had no suspicion of an innocent-looking seal muff if the wearer had not passed it across her ruby lips and smacked them afterwards before handing the article to two or three fair friends, who repeated the action with great gusto. But of all the clever tricks of this sort I ever beheld, the patent music-roll apparatus is the most wonderful. This looks to be no different from any of the small leather coils for carrying sheet music which are on sale at the stationers. But the interior contains glass tubes, the mouths of which are hidden by false covers in the end of the roll. These covers open on touching invisible springs. The object of this contrivance, of course, is to take a variety of drinks to a place of amusement, and while hubby goes out in the lobby to talk to a clover or a coffee bean, the dainty wife can elevate her patent scroll, press a spring, and sip anything to suit five tastes—from gin to absinthe. I don't imagine this invention will attain much popularity, because, when it becomes widely known, it can no longer be utilized as a private tap. The inventor, whose name should perhaps become blessed among women, is a man.

\* \* \*

Billy the Kid, sometimes called on the playbills William Elton, Esq., is spending his holiday in England. When he got over on the other side Billy went down among his old acquaintances on the Strand. Their familiar lingo and the memories of former triumphs awakened by never-to-be-forgotten associates and associations set a spark

a-burning in Billy's gentle breast. "I've been foolin' round a-making b'lieve hact hover in New York. The Guv'nor didn't know wot hacting was, and if 'e did 'e wouldn't want 's hactors to know anythink habout ut. Now, I've harried 'ere for pleasure, and pleasure I'm goin' for ter 'ave. So 'ere goes." Steered by a friend the Kid went to work and got an engagement to play in burlesque—his old line of business. He got a hearty reception from the public, who remembered him kindly, and received a half-dozen offers to stay in London. Being the soul of honor and liking Gotham too well, the Kid stoutly refused these, saying he had contracted for three years with Wallack. "Billy," said a friend to the wee, sma' comédián the other day, "you came over here for fun and—" "Well, ain't I gettin' it?" shouted Billy. "Ain't it fun to find out that you ain't forgot all you knew h'about your business? As we h'Americans says on the Square, 'I should smile.'" He'll be with us again soon.

## Harriet Webb.

A few weeks ago THE MIRROR briefly called attention to Harriet Webb, the elocutionist. In this MIDSUMMER MIRROR we publish her portrait and take occasion to allude at greater length to her accomplishments. As a rule, "elocutionist" is a word synonymous with charlatan. The blatant persons who

where have called forth the warmest endorsement of the press, and her audiences have been appreciative and even enthusiastic. On many occasions she has appeared before the Sorosis—a society composed of women of culture and distinction—and has invariably won the favor of that critical body. Her face and figure are exceedingly beautiful; she dresses with exquisite taste, and her voice, naturally rich and sympathetic, is under perfect control. We bespeak a prosperous season for her through the country when she returns from England, whether she has gone in quest of rest and pleasure, and begins her tour in the Fall. As an elocutionist THE MIRROR recognizes her ability, and as a teacher unhesitatingly recommends her to those that wish instruction.

## Miniature Opera Singers.

The Patience company now singing at Wallack's Theatre is the source of much comment and has been of some legal dispute brought about by the interference of a Mr. Gerry on the part of the S. P. C. C. To the eye of person sitting in the auditorium of the theatre, the manly and womanly dresses worn by the children give them an appearance of size and age not at all like what they appear to be on closer inspection. They look from "the front" to be nearer grown up than of the tender age that would call for legal protection against overwork; in fact,

learn the music; but I manage to get through with the help I get from our teachers. It is easier than studying five or six hours a day in a close school, and two more when you get home. Then I see plenty when we are traveling, and I don't think I shall ever do anything else. I live with my mother in New York; but when I was in Boston rehearsing and playing I had a splendid time, and was treated as well as anybody. I don't like THE MIRROR; it said I was not good as Patience. I bet the man the man that wrote that was a crank. I don't pretend to be as great now as I hope to be when I grow older. If that man had as bad a cold in his hand as I have in my head, he couldn't write any better than I can sing."

Lady Angela, now known as Marguerite Fish—but for years past very popular as Baby Benson, the "Child Wonder"—said she was fourteen years old, but had been on the stage ever since she was three. She was used to it and rather liked it; in fact nothing could induce her to give it up. Her parents had been on the stage for years, and as they were satisfied and she was satisfied, she could see no reason for anybody else objecting in a matter that did not concern them. Yes, she was well treated and happy. Had all she wanted and could not complain.

Lady Saphir is one of the seven Calef sisters, of Boston, all of whom are on the stage and very popular. One of them plays M'liss next season; three of them are with E.

own way on the road. He is shrewd and sharp and will always get the good things of life.

Grosvenor is the last; but had we taken the list from a standpoint of talent he would have come first. Harry Hamblin made his bow over the footlights about three years ago, when only eleven years of age, singing in the chorus of the Corinne company. His voice was so clear and loud that he was soon given a solo, and from that time on he has advanced until he is now one of the best boy actors before the public. His father and mother travel with the company and have charge of the children, keeping the sexes separated, except in the theatre, where, with the assistance of Miss Rachel Sanger, they keep a sharp lookout for any disorder or disobedience. Harry is enthusiastic about the stage, and some day hopes to be a leader of men as well as boys. He was made very happy the other night by hearing that Lester Wallack had said his performance was wonderful. "Why, I have been trying all my life to walk on the stage like that boy and have never succeeded," said Lester. It was indeed a high compliment and a truthful and deserved one. Harry is a perfect little gentleman, and by his easy grace, pretty face, good voice and well-bred manners easily wins all hearts.

The company were rehearsing for four months before their first performance, the hours being made easy; and Messrs. Scanlan and Braham deserve great credit for the neatness to perfection to which they have brought the little troupe.

THE MIRROR sees no reason to change its opinion that Mr. Gerry's attempt to stop the performances of Patience was unjustifiable and unwarranted, and that in future a thorough and searching examination should always precede any similar application made by the Society he represents.

## Words! Words! Words!

There is no class more interested in words, their use, significance and value, than actors. Cases are known where the fortunes of actors have been considerably influenced by the skilful enunciation of two or three words. Forrest, for example, secured special recognition, when in the scene in *The Gladiator* a messenger announces to him that the enemy are in numbers at the door calling for him—standing alone and laying his hand upon his sword he cries aloud: "Let 'em come in—we are armed!" A like effect was produced by Charlotte Cushman in *Meg Merrilles*, by the varied propriety of tone in which the language of the characters is uttered, in the delivery of her complaint, in which a separate emphasis is bestowed on each word, denoting a climax of feeling—"I was scowled for mad" was sent whirling as with the rush of the thong itself descending on her person; and "banished for mad" with a keen cry of agony.

The immense power of words properly chosen and employed has examples out of the profession. Among these most memorable are Julius Caesar's: *Veni, vidi, vici*, and Napoleon's appeal in Egypt when he was about to join battle: "Soldiers! forty centuries look down upon you from yonder pyramids;" and that other scathing annihilation with his tongue of a whole battalion, who had failed in the hour of trial: "Strike their names from the banners—the Twenty ninth has ceased to belong to the army of Italy!" We may also cite as of special force the pronunciation of a single word by Daniel O'Connell, the great agitator, who, when a member of Parliament, was bitterly denounced by an English member, who, however, acknowledged the merits of Ireland. Colossal in person, with a thunder cloud upon his brow, hand uplifted as if to discharge the bolt of indignation, O'Connell paused, and checking himself midway and dropping his voice, murmured: "But I have no words of bitterness or reproach for the man who loves Ireland," lingering affectionately upon the last word and drawing tears down the cheeks of many of the members of the House.

The effective use of words is not confined alone to serious occasions. It is well remembered how old Chippendale, now living, the veteran of the British stage, playing the landlord in a farce at the old Park Theatre, has occasion to dun a defaulting guest for his little bill of £2 10s. 6d., which, by constant iteration and incessant calls for his £2 10s. 6d., becomes the feature of the piece and moves to laughter every time it is uttered. Parallel with this was the tour de force of one of the greatest of eccentric comedians, James Brown, who died lately in this city at an advanced age. It was as Gregory Grissle (in *My Old Wife and my Young Umbrella*), out at elbows and being slighted by the innkeeper, denounces him throughout the play as a "shilling a-head rascal," with an unctuous twist of the voice, to the great enjoyment of the audience.

It is proper to call attention here to a gross misuse of the words—the employment of "gag," or the delivery of speeches not in the text of the play, but which are manufactured by the player, according to his own particular taste and convenience. Now, as a drama is supposed to be a well-considered product of a man who has maturely planned and meditated the subject, and has deliberately set down, in carefully-chosen words, the results of such reflection, we ask, Is it not an undue assumption for anyone to substitute for intellect, scholarship and forethought arrangement, the crude suggestions of the moment? There is no security for an actor in rendering his part save in a faithful adherence to the very language and letter of the author.



HARRIET WEBB.

boldly set themselves up as teachers of the art of reading and acting are as fraudulent in their pretenses as the quacks that bring discredit upon the capable members of the medical profession. It is as impossible to agree to make a raw ignoramus a Vandenhoff or a Bellew as it is to undertake to cure an ineradicable disease. The elocutionist's art is subtle and capable of being imparted only to especially qualified natures. The rudiments may be drilled into the least appreciative student; but the refinements of inflection, the delicate shades of expression, the weight and nicety of emphasis—these are the points which the charlatan pretends to teach; whereas the honest instructor openly admits that a mastery of these things depends entirely upon the capabilities and receptive powers of the pupil.

Mrs. Webb is a woman of too much integrity and intelligence to conceal from those who go to her for instruction that she cannot act in any other capacity than guide. She shows the methods by which certain effects are produced; she explains the manner in which those methods are applied; she illustrates the application by a lucid, perspicuous system of her own. This is why her short career in New York has been marked with success and why her pupils have advanced rapidly under her guidance.

Besides possessing the ability to teach, Mrs. Webb is distinguished as a practical elocutionist. Her readings here and else-

they are very indignant, that any one should think them in need of guardians, other than the management into whose hands their natural guardians have placed them, and where, with one voice, they declare that they are satisfied, well treated and happy. They enjoy their work and have become so disciplined in behavior that they are as much men and women off as they appear to be on the stage.

The other night a reporter of THE MIRROR, through the courtesy of the management, was given an opportunity between acts to circulate among the youthful artists and from each of them to get what information he could as to their past lives, their present situation, and the state of their mental and physical well-being while under contract to sing for Messrs. Scanlan and Braham.

Every member of the company was talked to, and each one separately expressed his or her sense of comfort and confidence in and love for the managers. The sentiment of the chorus was to about the same effect as that of the principals. The reporter took down some of the talk of the little ones, which may interest some of the adherents of the S. P. C. C.

Patience, Jennie Dunn, in reply to questions, said: "I am a native of New York and am fourteen years of age. I went on the stage about three years ago, singing Josephine, in Haverly's Juvenile Pinafore company. Yes, I like it. It is not much more than nice play, although it is sometimes hard to

E. Rice, and the others are in this company. She is a very bright young lady, about fourteen years old; declares her intention of adopting the stage as a profession, and says that the managers of this company make things as pleasant as if it were a Sunday-school picnic. A sister of Miss Calef is the young lady who spoke so plainly and sensibly to Gerry at the Mayor's Office last week.

Lady Jane, in the person of Ida Mullie, is not so massive as Augusta Roche; but she is very pretty and talented. She is fifteen, and went on the stage three seasons ago in her native city, Boston, with Tompkins and Hill's Juvenile Pinafore company. She says she enjoys the life she leads, which is quiet off but exciting on the stage, and that she will continue to sing and act as long as she suits it and it suits her. She is a very pleasant talker, and declares that she is in love with the company and the management, and has nothing whatever to complain of.

Bunthorne is no other than Arthur Dunn, better known for the past half dozen years as Master Dunn. This young gentleman sprang into notice during the Pinafore rage by his wonderful performance of Dick Deadeye. He is a brother of Patience, and is just old enough to escape any trouble from Gerry, having passed his sixteenth birthday last December. He is talented, but has been lauded and petted into over consciousness and acts too much at times. He lives at home in New York and is able to fight his

## On the Square.



## Dramatic Literature in America

BY A. C. GUNTER.

Perhaps no subject receives less attention from the general public, and yet more intimately and absolutely affects the morals, society and life of the American people, than the character of its amusements. Other civilised countries recognize in their laws by express statutory enactments, their amusements, and particularly their theatres. England, for instance, appoints the Lord Chamberlain the censor of its dramatic productions. France and many European countries go further, and not only make laws regarding and regulating their stage and dramatic literature, but even subsidize certain of their theatres; so that the Government may aid in properly producing and upholding their national drama. But the United States, aside from including, in its general law of copyright dramatic compositions, has never even mentioned the drama in any of its statutory enactments; though many efforts have been made to obtain the passage of certain laws that could injure no one except literary thieves and pirates, and would naturally encourage American authorship and benefit American dramatic literature. This is partly owing to the peculiar character of our national congress and their diversity of opinion as to the value of literature to a country's progress. It is a difficult matter to make a representative from the graying districts believe that a few pages of manuscript is as much property, and perhaps in some cases of more value, than a drove of fat, long-horned Texas cattle; consequently, the American drama has to fight its own battle unassisted by many of the aids it would receive if in other civilized countries.

Up to a few years ago it seemed almost miraculous that any American play should have been made a success, or that any American author should have thought it worth the trouble and labor to write a play to present to American managers, such were the difficulties, obstacles and prejudices that were arrayed against all native dramatic work. If an American manager placed an American play upon the boards it was simply because he could lay his hands upon nothing foreign that was available, and when he did condescend to use a play of American origin he shovelled it on the boards with so few rehearsals and in such a generally ineffective and contemptuous manner that no one was so much astonished and disappointed as the manager himself, when the despised thing made him money and brought him success. At that time, as to day, the general individual enterprise of this country was devoted to producing the almighty dollar, and the only hope of a successful American dramatist of that day would have been starvation and the Potter's Field. Consequently men of talent, as a rule, had talent enough to keep out of it. What inducement could dramatic literature hold forth to a man of financial eagerness, when a play that astonished old New York by running over one hundred nights and laid the foundation for the fortune and reputation of a now well known actor produced its author during its many hundred representations, all over the United States, the magnificent sum of one hundred and fifty dollars? Under these circumstances it is curious that American dramatic literature languished until some few years ago. Mr. Augustus Daly proved to American managers, when he produced *Under the Gaslight*, that the great American public would pay as much, and sometimes more, to see a drama of American authorship than they liked than a drama of foreign authorship for which they didn't care. This surprise to American managers was repeated in *Divorce* shortly after, and again in *Saratoga*, an original American comedy by Bronson Howard, which was another great success, and has, under the name of Brighton, repeated its triumph in Europe. The fact then

becoming apparent that there was some hope at last for the American drama, and from that day to this its progress has been slow but sure, to establishing for itself the consideration from the world that some day, in the not far future, it will receive. The Banker's Daughter, Esmeralda, My Partner, The Danites, Hazel Kirke, The Mighty Dollar, Colonel Sellers, The False Friend, First Families and many other successful plays attest the truth of this proposition.

At present entering into competition with the native American plays are two classes of foreign dramas—one, imported plays that have been deserved successes in the country of their birth; the other, strange as it may seem, foreign plays that have been failures in the country where they were originally produced. Of the first, we have the highest respect, and hope the enterprising managers who import good plays from the Old World may have all the success in the New their enterprise may deserve. Any play tending to elevate dramatic taste or to cultivate dramatic feeling should be seen by the American public. As regards the second class of foreign plays, namely—foreign failures, that have, in the last season or two, been imported by one or two enterprising managers under the idea that the American public will believe what is bad is good if only so instructed by newspaper advertising and elaborate puffs, we imagine their lives will be very short. Last season a comedy imported and advertised as a great English success, but which failed in New York, was some time after produced in London with such disastrous results that the theatre which played it is now closed.

We believe that the coming season will settle the fate of such importations definitely and forever, and answer with a most emphatic, no! the question whether plays that the English public will not receive, are good enough for the American people.

One of the greatest difficulties an American authorship has to contend with, is, that a man may write a successful play, in fact, several of them, and not be known in this country as a successful author.

There are several reasons for this peculiarity in regard to American dramatic literature; one is that until lately a great number of so-called American dramatists have been nothing more than literary pirates, who have stolen French or German plays and called them their own. When the original works have been good, their plays have been likewise excellent; when it so happened that what they stole was worthless, their works have been, of course, defective; thus we find that the author of a very fine play one year is the author of an equally vile one the year after, his works having no distinction or individual style or peculiarity of treatment thus causing the general public to believe that the creation of a successful drama is a case of luck and not ability. Again, when original and meritorious works have been sold to managers, many have quite often let their vanity get the better of their truth and advertised themselves as the authors of purchased plays; likewise stars playing in successful plays nearly always advertise them as their own creations; entirely for getting that they never saw or thought of their own creations until the author of the play had written them and sometimes explained to them what their own creations meant. Consequently authors find themselves further and further away from their own successes, and the greater the success the less either manager or actor, as a rule, wishes to let the public know whose brain really planned and whose imagination really conceived the play they are enjoying.

The American author making a great success, must expect to have his originality questioned by two classes connected with the theatre. First, the adapters, who, not being able to conceive original ideas themselves, will be loth to admit that anyone else can do what they can't. They will probably, from very force of habit, accuse the successful aspirant to dramatic honors of having taken one scene of the play from one foreign source, another act from something else, and a third selection from another play, seeming to forget that a play with a new plot, which, in half a dozen places resembles other plays, as a whole resembles none of them. Second: a class of foreign critics, who, though living on American money, working for American newspapers and read by the American public, can see no good in this country in which they are compelled to live, and remember only the literature of their own lands, believing that this nation of fifty millions of the most generally intelligent and well educated people on the face of the earth, who have succeeded in inventing most of the wonders of mechanical art, cannot furnish one man with sufficient brains to invent an original drama.

Until a few years ago, the American people themselves appeared to endorse and believe in this monstrous proposition, but have lately apparently concluded that authors who have lived among them and knew them and their habits, can generally, if of equal ability, suit their tastes better than foreign producers; consequently, in the last few years they have settled the question of the success of the American drama and American dramatists, by paying their money for the goods that pleased them most.

In proof of this we may instance the wonderful success of the *Madison Square Theatre*, which, since it opened its doors to the public, has produced nothing but American plays, and has never yet raised its curtain

upon a failure. Can any theatre, devoted to foreign plays, in the last three years claim the same uniform success? At one time last Spring in New York the only playing plays before the public were American productions, viz.: *Squatter Sovereignty*, *The White Slave*, *Esmeralda*, *My Partner*, *The Danites*, *Hazel Kirke*, *The Mighty Dollar*, *Colonel Sellers*, *The False Friend*, *First Families* and many other successful plays attest the truth of this proposition.

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HOWARD PAUL.

## The Romany Rye.

Probably no production of the coming season will excite the interest that will attach to that of *The Romany Rye* at Booth's Theatre on the 18th of September. It is the property (so far as America is concerned) of Brooks and Dickson, who promise to bring it out on a scale of magnificence seldom, if ever, equalled anywhere. It is a picturesque melodrama by George R. Sims, closely knitted and with an interesting story, which we have before published, and which by its simplicity and directness appeals to the human heart and sympathy. It received instant recognition in London, where it was produced in June last, and where it is still running and crowding the Princess' Theatre with delighted audiences.

Jack Hearne, the Romany Rye, a gypsy gentleman, is the hero of the play, and it is with his fortunes and misfortunes that the story deals. It is said to be one of the strongest parts in the range of melodrama, and in conveying their ideas to the actors about to interpret their plays, and alluded to the work thrown upon the actor managers of to day, such as Messrs. Henry Irving, Wilson Barrett and Bancroft, in drilling their young recruits, as there was now no school in the provinces. He lamented the carelessness displayed in pronunciation, asking the audience what they had done with the other "r," which was one of the most useful in the alphabet, and twisting them with "clipping their words," concluding this branch of his subject by stating, amid hearty applause, that an effort ought to be made to retain upon the stage the purity of pronunciation. Some hints as valuable to the orator as to the actor were then given on gesture, attitude and carriage, the meaning of the lecturer being forcibly, and more than once very divertingly, illustrated. He lamented "the lost art of walking," and considered that the Arabs now walked better than any other race, because they were in the habit of carrying heavy articles on their heads. He raised a laugh by asserting that sixty pound weight might be carried upon the head without difficulty, a great was the strength of the spinal column. The "study of character" was the next subject dealt with, and here Mr. Boucicault related, in a quietly humorous manner, some of his experiences of theatrical artistes. The difficulty with young actors was not "getting the words into their heads, but getting them out of it." Regarding by play, one of the first things to be learnt was the art of listening. An actor, when on the stage, should not confine his interest or mental faculties to his own part, but should attempt to portray the effect upon him of the conversation or action of the other performers in the scene. Far too much was now thought of the art of dress. It should be the character first and the clothing afterwards. Reminiscences of "old Garret" (the father of the distinguished member of the Vaudeville company) and of Charles Mathews, whilst studying the parts of Sir Harcourt Courtly and Dazzle, respectively (in the comedy *London Assurance*) and of the lecturer's own disregard of stage dress on the occasion of the production of *The Shaughraun* in New York—a disregard that threatened to affect the performance—carried Mr. Boucicault nearly to the end of his lively discourse, which terminated with his desire that the audience should join him in a vote of thanks to Mr. Irving for allowing the use of the theatre for the lecture.

—

The work of the management in the matter of advertising and placing the merits of the piece before the public, has been carefully carried out. The mechanical effects will be greatly superior to those used in London, while the scenery has been painted by our best artists. One effect, the patent of John Sherwood, is very novel and promises to be very effective. It is the flashing and shimmering of the phosphorescent glow on the water as a steamer passes from her dock and before she founders.

On the following page appears in pictureque grouping the principal scenes and characters in *The Romany Rye*. Our artist's skillful hand has made the picture a faithful reproduction, and from it the readers of *The Mirror* may form a good conception of the principal figures that move in the story.

## Professional Doings.

—A little boat on Wesley Lake, at Asbury Park, has been called after Bertie Welby.

—Claude De Haven will act as manager for Lewitt and Pastor's Specialty company.

—Louis F. Baum arrived in the city Saturday from the seashore. He is just recovered from a brief illness.

—Alfred B. Coley, formerly representative of C. H. Smith's numerous attractions, has been appointed advance agent for Ada Gray.

—Frank E. Aiken left the city Tuesday for Syracuse, where he opens on the 12th as Captain John Lugram in *L. F. Baum's Maid of Arran*.

—Charlotte Thompson will open her season at the Windsor, playing the week beginning August 21. She will give us the "new" Jane Eyre.

—The Maid of Arran company are rehearsing this week in Syracuse, preparatory to opening the season in Rochester. Their time for the season is entirely filled.

—Genevieve Rogers, who has been spending the Summer at her parents' home in Chicago, left that city on Wednesday to attend the Maid of Arran rehearsals at Syracuse.

—Among the members of Joseph Murphy's company is George J. James. Murphy has not returned from California yet. His stock ranch is productive of larger profits this Summer.

—The Harris Comedy company, with Charles Fostelle as Mrs. Partington, open one week earlier than originally intended. Their first date is at Oakland Garden, Boston, August 21.

—Mishler's Academy of Music, Reading, Penn., will open the season August 28, in a much improved condition. Manager John D. Mishler during the Summer has had three new scenes, new furniture and properties, and newly-furnished dressing rooms added to the stage. The entire auditorium has been repainted, and all the sides newly carpeted. He will also continue to manage The Mishler Circuit.

—The Chicago papers, usually the last to give honest recognition to talent which has not come loudly heralded from other cities, are quite unanimous in awarding credit to Helen Sedgwick for her work in *Fanchon*, *Caste* and other pieces. "Miss Sedgwick," says the *Inter Ocean*, "is developing a good order of talent as an actress of society roles. She has this week given a surprising exhibition of her ability as Esther Eccles. She is not only intelligent, but she is honest."

—From San Francisco Gustave Frohman writes *THE MIRROR*: "Callender's Colored Minstrels arrived here August 4 from British Columbia and Oregon. Hazel Kirke company No. 1 will get in August 13. The season of both companies in the Northern country—Oregon, Washington Territory and British Columbia—has been the largest of any theatrical company yet visiting those pieces. The original Hazel Kirke company will play a farewell engagement of two weeks in this city at the Baldwin, commencing September 4."



To be produced for the first time in America at Booth's Theatre, N. Y., September 18, under the management of BROOKS & DICKSON.

## PROVINCIAL.



What the Player Folk are Doing All Over the Country.

## SAN FRANCISCO.

AUGUST 1.  
Haverly's California Theatre (W. A. McConnell manager): Haverly's Mastodons fourth and last week. Business good. Monday, 7th, Union Square Theatre company in Barker's Daughter.

Baldwin Theatre (Hanlon Bros., lessees): The Hanlons in *Le Voyage en Suise*, third and last week. Business good. A pantomime in preparation for next week by this troupe. September 4, Madison Square Theatre company in Hazel Kirke. Farewell performances.

ITEMS: The other houses closed.—J. W. Jennings and Charles Mathews, late of the Baldwin Theatre, commenced a brief engagement at the Adelphi Variety Theatre last evening in a revamped edition of the *Willow Cope*. They failed to enthuse very much.—Robert H. Fitzgerald, well-known in this city, succeeds Jacob R. Shattuck as treasurer of Haverly's California Theatre August 7.—Charles R. Bacon, the well-known advance agent, was married in this city Sunday evening to Hattie Swift, late of the Emeline Melville Opera company.—Reed and Emerson open the Bush Street Theatre 28th, with a minstrel company, playing a few nights in the Southern counties under the management of Charles A. Wood, preparatory to opening here.—The business of Hazel Kirke and Callender's Colored Minstrels has been the largest ever known in Oregon, Washington Territory and British Columbia.—Manager Pickersall, of Australia, is arranging for the production of *La Belle Russe*, *Chiappa*, *Senator Silverbago*, and *Hazel Kirke*, for the antipodes. He leaves by the steamer 28th, for home.—L. B. Bayless, the Australian manager, and the people composing Clark and Ryman's Minstrels, left Sunday for *Zealandia* for Sydney, N. S. W.

## ST. LOUIS.

Pickwick Theatre (Messrs. Collins and Short, managers): The Sorcerer has made the biggest kind of a hit, and George Denham is immense in the leading role. It is one of the very best things he has ever done. Mr. Fitzgerald, Misses Chapman, Bockell and Reynolds are all excellent. The production of *Merry War* postponed for the present.

Pickwick Theatre (E. E. Rice, manager): Maritana has been given during the week by the Hess Acme company and was cleverly done. Alfred Wilkie and Mark Smith did clever as Don Caesar and Don Jose. Miss Leighton was very pretty as Lazarillo and the others in the cast were excellent. Next week *Caste* by F. F. Mackay, and Louise Sylvester and a fine company. Wayman McCrory's *L'Afrique* 14th.

ITEMS: John J. Collins, joint manager of Uhrig's Cave, will take a benefit 17th.—E. E. Rice returned to town this week.—Mr. Caribea sang W. H. Fitzgerald's part in *The Sorcerer* finely several times recently, owing to the latter's throat being out of order.—Genevieve Reynolds, of the Ford company, is one of the best trained actresses I have had the pleasure of seeing.—Henry W. Moore, the accomplished city editor of the *Post Dispatch* and the adapter of the English version of *Merry War*, will soon go to California on a three weeks' vacation.—Miss Reynolds and Sam Reed will remain in the Ford Comic Opera company the coming season.

## CINCINNATI.

Harry Webber, of Nip and Tuck fame, inaugurates his season at Henshaw's 26th, presenting for the first time in America his new comedy, *Flint and Steele, Matrimonial Agents*. C. W. Vance, stage manager of John McCullough's company, and at present enjoying the hospitalities of Cincinnati, has issued a call for rehearsal at Haverly's Theatre, taking effect September 1. There are letters here in care of the *Enquirer* for Dora Stuart, Mollie Ravel, Cora E. Gordon, Charles L. Davis (Alvin Joslin), Frank Gaynor and John N. Long, of the *Tourists*. If Uncle Samuel Colville is quoted correctly in his recent Chicago interview with the hired man of our *Cincinnati Gazette*, Brooks and Dickson have reason to feel complimented on being characterized as a "couple of lucky fools whose multiple schemes preclude their rapid downfall." Abbey likewise comes in for a good send off, Colville asserting that "he is the wildest and most reckless adventurer that ever embarked in the amusement business, and that even now he does not know where to raise sufficient means to bring Langtry over to America. The latter item probably news to the astute Abbey. So much for the amenities of theatrical management. Charles L. McLean, dramatic critic of the *Commercial*, is recreating at Old Point Comfort, and Louis O'Shanghassy is holding the fort in his absence, and barring inflicting his readers with a rehash of the previous issue of the *Gazette*, is doing as well as could be expected. Mattie Rogers, of Willie Edwin's Sparks combination, is at present quartered in this city visiting relatives. Archie Campbell, connected with Uncle John Robinson's circus for several years past in the capacity of clown, is reported to have died in California July 30. Henry Abbey's big cards will appear in Cincinnati at same time, Mrs. Langtry beginning an engagement at the Grand, week of February 12, and Nilsson vocalising same

date as Robinson's. As already noted, there is not the most remote possibility of the Grand being in readiness for September 4, and the Hanlons, the opening cards, will probably be brought to Robinson's. Minnie Maddern, in *Fogg's Ferry*, is due at latter theatre September 4. *Merry War* is announced for Heuck's, week of September 4. Theodore Thomas and his orchestra will cater to music lovers at the Highland for two weeks, beginning 14th.

## CHICAGO.

McVicker's Theatre (J. W. McVicker, manager): The house continues to be crowded to witness *Taken From Life*. It now runs more smoothly, and the explosion and horse scenes work better. It is put on for four weeks here, and it remains to be seen whether Chicago will stand.

Grand Opera House (J. A. Hamlin, manager): Louise Sylvester has made a very excellent impression as *Fanchon the Cricket*, and has helped to fill in time at the Grand very acceptably. C. D. Hess' Acme Opera troupe this week.

The Olympic (J. H. Meade, manager): Robert McWade will give *Rip Van Winkle* for one week preparatory to the regular opening.

ITEMS.—Manager Hill is making great preparations for the debut of his new star, Margaret Mather. And if a furor can be secured on the opening night, by any possible means, there can be no doubt that Mr. Hill is the man to do it.—It is said that Elwyn Barron, the accomplished critic of the *Inter-Ocean* and Scott Marble have joined hands and brains to produce plays for the American stage. Judging from our knowledge of the two gentlemen, Mr. Barron will have the advantage over his colleague in a very material point, viz.: brains.—Colonel Haverly is expected in town next week. He was not pleased at the house being closed all summer.—Mr. Hooley says he will surely be ready to open the new house next Saturday. The interior is still in a state of chaotic incompleteness. J. C. Padgett will be stage manager for Hooley, vice Cool White, resigned.

## DATES AHEAD.

Managers of traveling combinations will favor us by sending every week advance dates, and mailing the same in time to reach us on Monday.

ADA GRAY: Windsor, New York, 21, week. Open season.

ALICE OATES: Boston, 14, week. Open season.

A. M. PALMER'S UNION SQUARE THEATRE: San Francisco, Cal., 7, six weeks.

ALEX. CAUFMAN: Philadelphia, 28, week. Open season.

ALDRICH AND PARSONS (My Partner): Rockford, Ill., Sept. 4; Beloit, Wis., 6; Janesville, 6; Milwaukee, 7, 8, 9; Peoria, Ill., 11; Galesburg, 12; Burlington, Iowa, 13; Des Moines, 14; Cedar Rapids, 15; Dubuque, 17; Chicago, 18, week.

BAKER AND FARON: Toronto, Sept 4, week. Open season.

BARLOW AND WILSON'S MINSTRELS: Rochester, N. Y., 14, week.

BARRY AND FAY: Boston, 7, week.

BENNETT AND MOULTON'S OPERA COMPANY: Pymroke, Me., 9, 10; Machias, 11, 12; Cherryfield, 14, 15; Millbridge, 16.

BAUM'S MAID OF ARAAN: Rochester, 6, week (open season); Toronto, 21, week.

BERTHA WELBY (One Woman's Life): Hamilton, Ont., 29, Open season.

BOSTON MINIATURE OPERA CO.: New York, July 31, four weeks.

BUFFALO BILL: Jamestown, W. Va., 31; Milwaukee, Sept. 1, 2, 3; Chicago, 5, week; Rockford, Ill., 11; Clinton, 12; Aurora, 13; Ottawa, 14; Joliet, 16; Streator, 18.

CARLETON'S MERRY WAR CO.: Alcazar, New York City.

CHILD OF THE STATE: Newark, N. J., 4, 5, open season; New Brunswick, 6; Bethlehem, Pa., 7; Allentown, 8; Harrisburg, 9.

CLARA MORRIS: Philadelphia, Sept. 4, two weeks.

CHICAGO CHURCH CHOIR OPERA CO.: Ottawa, 10; Aurora, 11; Elgin, 12.

FRANK MOURDAUT (Old Ships): Kansas City, Mo., 31, two nights; Denver, Sept. 4, week; Leadville, 11, 13; Pueblo, 14; Colorado Springs, 15, 16.

F. B. WARDE: Akron, O., Sept. 4.

FORD'S COMIC OPERA CO.: St. Louis, Mo., for a summer season.

FRANK BUSH (Key Solomons): Buffalo, Sept. 4, Open season.

HARRY MEREDITH (Ranch 10): Philadelphia, 14, Open season.

GALLIE ELAINE (Frank Evans): Baltimore, Sept. 11, week (open season); Washington, 18, week; Brooklyn, 25, week.

GUSS WILLIAMS (One of the Finest): Chicago, 28, week.

HAYERLY'S OPERA CO.: Toronto, this week.

GEORGE S. KNIGHT: Montreal, 28, week.

OPEN SEASON.

HAZEL KIRKE (Original Co.): Stockton, Cal., 14, three nights; Gilroy, 17; Salinas, 18; Watsonville, 19; Santa Cruz, 21; San Jose, 22, 23; Oakland, 24, 25; Napa, 26; Sacramento, 28, week; San Francisco, Sept. 4, two weeks.

HARRIS COMEDY CO. (Charles Fostelle): Paterson, N. J., 28 (open season); Trenton, 29; New Brunswick, 30; Newburg, N. Y., 31; Kingston, Sept. 1; Hudson, 2.

HARRY RICHMOND: Chicago, 21.

KIRALY MICHAEL STROGOFF: Chicago, 12, two weeks.

JAMES O'NEILL: Williamsburg, N. Y., Sept. 4, week (open season); Troy, 11, 12, 13; Holyoke, Mass., 14; Worcester, 15; Fall River, 16; Providence, 18, week; Philadelphia, 25, week.

JULIA A. HUNT (Sydney Rosenfeld's Florinel): Montreal, August 21, week (open season); Ogdensburg, N. Y., 28; Brockville, Canada, 29; Whiting, 30; Toronto, 31; September 1, 2; Guelph, 4; Brantford, 5; Hamilton, 6; Lockport, N. Y., 7; Medina, 8; Canandaigua, 9; Auburn, 11; Syracuse, 12, 13; Binghamton, 14; Towanda, 15; Danville, 16; Brooklyn, 18, week.

JOSEPH WHEKEL: Detroit, Sept. 4 (open season).

JAY RIAL'S UNCLE TOM CO.: Helena, 7, week; Deer Lodge, 14; Butte, 15; Dillon, 16; Logan, Utah, 18, 19; Evanston, Wyo., 21; Rawlins, Utah, 23; Laramie, Wyo., 24; Cheyenne, 25, 26; Denver, 28, week.

KENDALL COMB: Denison, Ia., 23 to 26; Atlantic, 28, week.

LA BELLE RUSSE (Jeffreys Lewis): Philadelphia, Sept. 18, week (open season).

LAURA DON (A Daughter of the Nile): New York City, Sept. 4, two weeks.

LAWRENCE BARRETT: Port Huron, Mich., 21, open season; Bay City, 22; East Saginaw, 23; Jackson, 24, 25, 26; Columbus, O., 28, week.

LOTTA: Buffalo, Sept. 1.

LECLAIR AND RUSSELL: Akron, O., 11, 12; Lancaster, 14; Circleville, 15; Chillicothe, 16, 17, 18; Washington, 19; Cleveland, 21, week; Pittsburgh, 23, week.

LINGARDS (Divorvons): Boston, 19 two weeks.

MARGARET MATHER: Chicago, 28, two weeks.

M. B. CURTIS' SAM'L OF POSEN CO.: Detroit, Sept. 4 (open season).

MILTON NOBLES: St. Louis, Sept. 4, week (open season).

N. Y. IDEAL OPERA CO.: Providence, R. I., July 24, for a season.

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER (Helen Blythe): Paterson, N. J., Sept. 4. Open season.

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER (Agnes Henderson): Bethlehem, Pa., 29. Open season.

PALMER & ULMER'S DANITES: Stamford, Conn., 21, Open season.

ROGER'S SWEETHEART (Minnie Palmer): Newark, N. J., Sept. 1. Open season.

ROBERT MCWADE: Chicago, 6, week.

SMITH'S DOUBLE UNCLE TOM: Boston, 28, week.

SOL SMITH RUSSELL (Edgewood Folks): Oshkosh, Wis., 10; Appleton, 11; Green Bay, 12.

TAKEN FROM LIFE CO.: Chicago, this week.

WALLACE-VILLA COMB.: Open season at Port Jervis, N. Y., 26.

YOUTH COMB. (Brooks' and Dickson's): New York City, 21, four weeks.

CIRCUSES.

ADAM FOREPAUGH'S: Circleville, O., 10; Washington, 11; Xenia, 12; Cincinnati, 14 to 17; Greensburg, Ind., 18; Indianapolis, 19; Lafayette 21; Terre Haute, 22; Danville, 23; Decatur, 24; Bloomington, 25; Peoria, 26; Chicago, 28, week.

BARNUM'S: Montpelier, Vt., 11; White River Junction, 12; St. Albans, 14; Malone, N. Y., 15.

BARRETT AND CO.'S: Richmond, 16; Petersburg, 17; Hicksford, 18; Weldon, N. C., 19; Norfolk, Va., 21; Portsmouth, 22; Suffolk, 23; Franklin, 24; Wilson, N. C., 25; Goldsboro, 26.

COLK'S: Dixon, Ill., 10; Sycamore, 11.

COUP'S: Bonham, Texas, 10; Sherman, 11; Greenville, 12.

MATHER, PULLMAN AND HAMILTON'S: Dublin, Va., 10; Christiansburg, 11; Salem, 12; Liberty, 12; Lynchburg, 15; Farmville, 16; Burkville, 17; So. Boston, 18; Danville, 19; Reidsville, N. C., 21; Greensboro, 22; Winston, 23.

A New Beverage.

What shall we drink? This is a serious question, the answer to which depends very much on what we want drink to do for us. According to Dr. Beck of Leipzig, if we want it to brutalize us we should drink beer; if to impress us, wine; if to infuse and eventually unman us, whisky; and, in general, the same authority declares, if we want drink to enslave our moral nature, an alcoholic stimulant of any sort is the thing. Dr. Beck does not call for our indorsement, and we do not give it; but there is some reason to believe that his severe characterization shadows forth the truth, if it does not completely represent it. Whatever we should drink, we undoubtedly should not drink alcoholic beverages. Bad for men of all degrees and of all nationalities, they are especially bad for the average American, whose nervous excitability, spurred by the ordinary conditions of American life to the verge of disease, is easily carried over the verge by drink that sooner or later dispirits exactly as much as it inspirits, steadily raking the nervous system towards hopeless prostration. Alcohol is a stage plying between rapture and despair, at which latter station it puts up for the night, too often without a dawn. It is not a true stimulant, but in the guise of one is a deadly damper.

But the question recurs: If we should not drink alcoholic beverages, what should we drink? Water, it may be answered; but this answer evades what is well understood to be the real question, which is not, What shall we drink to quench thirst? but, What shall we drink to recruit the nervous system and preserve the balance of the constitution? In other words, What stimulant shall we drink? None, say many; eat nutritious food, observing at the same time the known laws of health, and all will be well. Yet this answer, pertinent and plausible as it seems, is, in fact, no answer, since food, to recruit the system, needs to be assimilated, and assimilation, in turn, needs assimilative power, which is usually the very thing impaired or lost, standing in need of stimulants to repair or restore it; so that the known laws of health, rightly interpreted, include the use of stimulants, which, after all, may be nothing less than nerve food. Stimulants, then, are useful. Physically speaking, every man can not live by bread alone. This is not simply the dictate of hygiene, but the testimony of experience, as delivered in the universal practice of mankind, all divisions of which, in time and space, have taken stimulants of some kind, and not one, no matter how virtuous and enlightened, or how distressing the abuse, has given a sign of ever quitting the use. And what has been will be. A stimulant of some kind man will have, because he needs it. The necessity has its root in his nature. The only question really open is as to what stimulants, of the potable class, are healthful; but this question, it must be acknowledged, is pretty wide open.

Nevertheless, the process of exclusion has it somewhat. Alcoholic drinks are justly ruled out; unfermented wines are unprocured; tea and coffee lose their efficacy or grow pernicious just when a wholesome stimulation is most needed; and the common run of mineral waters, natural and artificial, either are strictly medicinal, requiring to be administered by prescription instead of being drunk at pleasure, or soon lose their effect, if they do not acquire one positively injurious; and so on on the end of the familiar chapter. The negative side of the question is partially shut, but the positive stands open. In short, the question remains unanswered.

Meanwhile, alcoholic drinks hold the field from the sheer absence of an effectual substitute for them—a substitute

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